

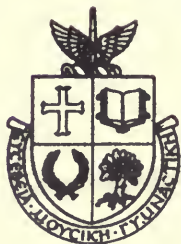
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THE
FORTUNES
OF
PERKIN WARBECK,
A ROMANCE.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "FRANKENSTEIN."

J'ai veu filz d'Angleterre, Richard d'Yorc nommé,
Que l'on disoit en terre, estinct et consommé,
Endurer grant souffrance; et par nobles exploitz,
Vivre en bonne esperance, d'estre Roy des Angloys.

Old French Chronicle.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1830.

LONDON:

J. B. NICHOLS AND SON, 25, PARLIAMENT STREET.

PERKIN WARBECK.

CHAPTER I.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree ;
But they, alas ! were dead him frae,
And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night ;
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

THE HEIR OF LYNNE.

It had been Monina's design to return to the protection of Lady Brampton, immediately on the fulfilment of her task in England. The appearance of Clifford suggested other ideas. It was the duty of every friend of York to declare

his existence, and claim the allegiance of his subjects. It might seem a hopeless enterprise for her, a young foreign girl, to do this in the heart of the usurper's power; and yet she fancied that she might attempt it with success. The most distant prospect of serving her beloved friend was hailed by her with romantic ardour; while the knowledge possessed by Stanley and Clifford, promised to render her undertaking less nugatory in its effects. Her purpose was quickly formed. She resolved to postpone her departure, and to busy herself in replanting, in Tudor's own city of London, the uprooted rose-bush, parent of the spotless flower. None but a woman's fond enthusiastic heart can tell the glow of joy, the thrilling gladness, that diffused itself through her frame, as this plan spread itself, clear as a map, beautiful as a champagne country viewed from some overtopping mountain peak, to her keen mind's eye. She rode to London occupied by these thoughts, and on her arrival, announced to the merchant friend, at whose house she resided, her intention of remaining in England:

the vessel that was on the morrow to have conveyed her away would bear instead a letter to Lady Brampton, explanatory of her hopes and intentions; that very night in the seclusion of her chamber, she robbed some hours from sleep to write it; her enthusiasm animated her expressions; her cheek glowed as she wrote, for she spoke of services she might render him to who was the idol of her thoughts; though with his idea she consciously mingled no feeling save that of devoted friendship and an intense desire to benefit. The weariness of spirit that oppressed her in his absence, she did not attribute to him.

Thus intently occupied, she was unaware of a parley in the room beneath growing into a loud contention, till steps upon the stairs recalled her wandering thoughts; she looked up from her task; but her gaze of inquiry was changed to an expression of heartfelt pleasure, when Sir Robert Clifford entered the apartment. Here then her enterprise commenced. There was something that did not quite please her in the manners of her visitant, but this was

secondary to the great good she might achieve through him. Her eyes danced in their own joy, as she cried, "Welcome, gallant gentleman! you are here to my wish: you come to learn how best you may prove your allegiance to your rightful sovereign, your zeal in his cause."

These words grated somewhat on the ear of a man who had hitherto worn the Red Rose in his cap, and whose ancestors had died for Lancaster. He did not, therefore, reply in the spirit of her wish when he said, "We will not quarrel, pretty one, about names; sooth is it, that I came to learn tidings of my princely gossip, and I am right glad that fortune makes thee the tale-bearer. Prolong as thou wilt, I shall never cry hold, while my eyes serve to make true harmony to the sound of your sweet voice."

Much more he said in the same strain of gallantry, as he placed himself beside the maiden, with the air of one whose soft speeches ever found ready hearing. Monina drew back, replying, gently, "I am the partizan, the vowed conspirator for a cause, whose adherents walk as over

the thread-broad ridge spanning an unfathomable gulph, which I have heard spoken of by the Moors in my own Granada; I beseech you, as you are a gentleman, reserve your fair speeches for the fortunate ladies of your native land. I will be a beacon-light to guide you, a clue for your use through a maze, a landmark to point your way; meanwhile, forget me as I am; let me be a voice only."

"As soon forget sunshine or moonshine, or the chance of play when the dice-box rattles," thought Clifford, as she clasped her little fingers in the fervour of her wish, and raised on him her soft, full eyes: but though he gazed with unrepressed admiration, he said nothing as she told the story of Duke Richard's Spanish adventures, and last of his attempt in Ireland and the embassy sent to him by King Charles. How eloquently and well she told his tale! speaking of him with unfeigned admiration, nothing disguising her zealous devotion. "Sir Clifford," she continued, "you are his friend. His cause will sanctify your sword; it will call you from the paltry arts of peace to the

nobler deeds of chivalry; it will give you grace in the eyes of her you love, defending and asserting your king."

She paused breathless from her own agitation; she looked up into his thoughtful face and placed her hand on his; the soft touch awoke him from a reverie in which he had lost himself.

"Maiden," he replied, "you plead your cause even too well; you have cast a spell upon me; so that at this moment I would readily swear to perform your bidding, but that, when I do not see your witch's eyes, nor hear your magic voice, another wind may blow me right to the other side. Do not call this courtly gallantry, would by Saint Cupid that it were! for I am not pleased to behold my sage self fined down into a woman's tool: nor is it love;—Thor's hammer could not knock a splinter from my hard heart, nor the Spanish sun thaw its sevenfold coat of ice. I never have loved; I never shall: but there is some strange sorcery about you. When I next see you, I will draw a circle round, knock my head three times on the eastern floor, and call out 'aroint!' This twinkling light

too, and darkling hour—I must away:—sunshine shall, when next we meet, protect me from your incantations. Will you trust yourself? At tomorrow's noon a servitor of mine shall await you at the gate of St. Paul's, dare you commit yourself to one in the Devil's pay?"

All this incoherent talk was spoken at intervals; he rose, sat down, stood over her as she patiently let him run his tether's length: his last words were said in an insinuating, and, as well as he could command, a soft voice, as he pressed her hand in his. She crossed herself, as she replied, "Our Lady and my cause shall protect me, while I adventure life fearlessly for its sake! Adieu till then, Sir Knight: the saints guard you, and give you better thoughts."

The cavalier proceeded homewards, considering deeply the part he was to act. He thought of what he might gain or lose by siding with the Duke; and he was angry to find that the image of Monina presented itself even more vividly, than his ambitious dreams. "God assoil me," thought he. "I will repeat a paternoster backwards, and so unsay her sorceries. She has

persuaded me, even as my own soul did before, that the best mode to mend my broken fortunes, and better still to regild my faded escutcheon, is to join Duke Richard. Yet, after all, this may be mere magic; for once I will act a wise man's part, and seek old gray-beard, my Lord Fitzwater."

Lord Fitzwater endured impatiently the harsh countenance Henry bore to him, ever since he had permitted his young rival to escape. Some question of right and law which implicated a large portion of his possessions, had, as he believed, been unjustly decided against him through the interposition of the king, who, on every occasion, sought to mortify and injure the old man. He lived as the disgraced and impoverished servants of a court are wont to live, neglected and forgotten. He had no family. He loved Robert Clifford better than any other in the world; and he, when suffering from disappointment or loss, when his own pain reminded him of that of others, sought his ancient friend—too seldom to please him with a show of reverence, often enough to keep alive his affection.

If it were good for him to aid in the replanting of the White Rose, so also were it well that Lord Fitzwater joined the same party. He talked even to himself of asking his experienced friend's advice; he really meant to endeavour to seduce him into a companionship in the projected rebellion against Henry Tudor. In this spirit he paid his visit; nearly three months had elapsed since his preceding one. The noble received him coldly; so at once to break through the ceremony that fettered their discourse, he cried, "I hear from soft Sir William Stanley, that his Majesty has again said that he will find a way to thank you for a service you rendered him some six years ago."

"I have long had knowledge of his Grace's good memory on that point," answered his Lordship, angrily; "and yours, methinks, might remind you of the part you played. By St. Thomas, Robin, I believe you saw further in the game than I. But what makes the King harp on this out-worn tale?"

"Few know—we may guess. Have you not

heard tell of a new king of kerns and galolw-glasses? a phantom duke, whose duchy lies without the English pale in Ireland? a ghost whose very name makes the King's knees knock together as he sits on the throne? This ruffler, who calls himself son of Edward the Fourth, the prince Richard of York, escaped from the Tower, bears a strange resemblance to the hero of Lisle, Perkin Warbeck."

"Would, by St. George, he were the same!" exclaimed the noble; "my dagger should sever the entwined roses, our armed heels tread to dust the cankered red blossom."

"You speak treason, my lord," said Clifford; "but you speak to a friend. Let us talk more calmly. I, the playmate of the imprisoned Prince, know that he, Perkin Warbeck, and the Irish hero are the same—this I can prove: so much for the justice of our cause; as to the expediency,—we, my good lord, are styled Lancastrians, but our meed therefore is small. Tudor is a niggard king; Plantagenet, a young and generous adventurer. What shall we say?

Shall Fitzwater and Clifford place the sacred diadem on this boy's head, and become chiefs in the land where they now pine obscurely?"

Lord Fitzwater fastened his keen eyes on his companion, while his hand involuntarily grasped his dagger's hilt. "I am not an old man," he cried; "fifty-seven winters have shed no snows upon my head. I remember when, at Tewkesbury, I smote an iron-capped yeoman who raised his battle-axe against our young Edward, and clove the villain to the throat. I can wield the same weapon—do the same deed now; and I am thrown like a rusty sword among old armour—refused permission to lead my followers to Calais. War in France!—it will never be: the word is grown obsolete in England. Ambassadors thrive instead of valiant captains; crafty penmanship in lieu of straitforward blows. Art sure, Robin, that this youth is King Edward's son?"

This was the first step Clifford took; and the eagerness of Fitzwater quickly impelled him to spread wider the narrow circle of conspirators. The intelligence meanwhile, that the King of France had received in Paris with meet honour

a Yorkist pretender to the crown, burst at once over England, spreading wonder and alarm. Some few despised the pretensions of the youth; the greater number gave to them full and zealous credence. Many, dreading Henry's sagacity and harshness, recoiled from every thought rebellious to him; others hailed with joy the appearance of a rival who would shake his throne, and hold forth hope of disturbance and change. As yet this was talk merely; nay, there was more thought, than spoken. Men expected that some other would make the first move, which would put in play the menacing forces mustered on either side. Monina saw with joy the work well begun. She remembered the Queen's injunction to seek the Dean of St. Paul's: in acquiring him, many reverent and powerful partizans were secured. Her presence added to the interest which the mere name of Richard of York excited. Many who disbelieved his tale, were eager to behold his lovely advocate; they listened to her syren eloquence, and ranged themselves on her side. Clifford watched jealously the influence she acquired. When

he first saw her, she had been an untaught girl in comparison with the graceful, self-possessed being who now moved among them. One feeling in her heart separated her indeed from the crowd—but this was veiled, even to herself; and she appeared courteous, benign to all. Clifford often flattered himself that when she spoke to him her expressions were more significant, her voice sweeter. He did not love—no, no—his heart could not entertain the effeminate devotion; but if she loved him, could saints in heaven reap higher glory? Prompted by vanity, and by an unavowed impulse, he watched, hung over her, fed upon her words, and felt that in pleasing her he was for the present repaid for the zeal he manifested for the Duke her friend. Strange he never suspected that she was animated towards the Prince by a deeper feeling. They had lived like near relations from their childhood; that were sufficient to raise the flame that shed so bright a light over her soul: that he was a prince, and she the daughter of a Spanish mariner, forbade their union; and he paid the just tribute to innocent youth, in not judging of

its upright purity by the distorted reflection his depraved heart presented, whenever he dared turn his eyes inward.

Foundation was thus laid in England for a momentous combination. Intelligence from the continent was gathered with keen interest. Early in December the army of Henry recrossed the Channel: they brought word of the favour and esteem Richard enjoyed at the French court, of the zeal of the exiled Yorkists, of their satisfied assurance of his truth. Next was spread abroad the news of his reception by the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy, and the brilliant figure he made at Brussels. What step would be taken next to advance his cause?

This was a fearful question for the actual King of England. He redoubled his artful policy, while he wore a mask of mere indifference. The Yorkists, not yet considerable enough to act openly, or even covertly to combine for any great attempt, felt fresh bonds thrown over, new and vexatious tyrannies in exercise against them. This served to unite

and animate their chiefs; they each and all resolved that, when fit opportunity armed their Prince, their swords should at the same moment leap from the scabbards, darkly to be dyed ere resheathed, or struck useless from their lifeless hands. The days of St. Alban's and Tewkesbury passed in all their grim conclusions before their eyes, but the event was worth the risk: defeated, they lost nothing; victorious, they exchanged a narrow-hearted, suspicious, exacting tyrant for a chivalrous and munificent sovereign; Henry Tudor, the abhorred Lancastrian, for the grandson of York, the lineal heir of Edward the Third—the true representative of the kings of the glorious and long line of the Plantagenets.

CHAPTER II.

Like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN the days of our earlier history, our commerce led us to have more intercourse with Flanders than with France. That which journeyed slowly and doubtfully from Paris came in all the heat of a first impression from the Low Countries. A train had been laid before, which now took light and blazed through the kingdom. The Duchess of Burgundy's reception of the Duke of York, the honours rendered him at her

court, the glad gathering together of the fugitive English, gave pledge of his truth, and promise of glorious results. Sedition began to spring up in England on every side; even as, after a mild rain in the birth of the year, a black, ploughed field is suddenly verdant with the young blades of wheat. All who had, since the battles of Bosworth and of Stoke, lived in seclusion or fear; all who from whatever reason had taken sanctuary; men of ruined fortunes, who desired to escape bondage; came singly or in small companies to the coast, embarked for the continent, and hastened to the court of the Dowager of Burgundy. All discontented men, who felt themselves looked coldly on by Tudor, to whom they had yielded the throne of their native land; many, whom it grieved and vexed to see the world stagnate in changeless peace, desirous of novelty and glad of any pretence that called them into activity, dashed headlong into revolt; nor were there few, chiefly indeed among the nobility, who had lamented the fall of the House of York, and hailed gladly this promise of its resuscitation. The common ad-

venturers and soldiers of fortune acted on their single separate resolves; the noble adherents of the White Rose drew together, that there might be plan and strength in their schemes. They were cautious, for their enemy was crafty and powerful; they were resolute, for they hated him.

Out, far in the low flats bordering the river Lea, there stood, in a marshy hollow, a straggling village, now effaced from the landscape. At its extremity was a solid, but gloomy, square, brick house, surrounded by a moat, which the low watery soil easily filled even to overflow; and the superfluity was received in a deep stagnant pool at the back of the mansion. The damp atmosphere had darkened the structure, and thrown a mantle of green moss and speckled lichen over the bricks. Its fantastically carved and heavy portal yawned like a black cavern's mouth, and added to the singularly desolate appearance of the mansion. The village was but half inhabited, and looked as struck by poverty and discomfort. The house belonged to the Clifford family. It had been built, it was said, in Henry the Fifth's time, when Sir Roger

Clifford, a stern old man, following his sovereign to the wars, shut up here his beautiful young wife, so to insure her fidelity during his absence. Among her peers and gentle companions, the Lady Clifford had doubtless been true to the bond that linked her to her lord; but, alone in this solitary mansion, surrounded by ill nurtured peasants, pining for her father's pleasant halls and her girlish enjoyments, no wonder that she found her state intolerable. Age and jealousy are ill mates for youth and sprightliness, and suspicion easily begets that which it abhors even to imagine. One who had loved her in her virgin days, introduced himself into her suite; the brief months of stolen happiness passed by, and the green stagnant pool was, they said, the cold sepulchre of the betrayed lovers. Since then, during the wars of York and Lancaster, this house had been the resort of Clifford's followers: and, when the White Rose became supreme, that alone of the family possessions had not been forfeited to the crown: it was the last relic of Sir Robert's fortunes. His few tenantry, hard pressed for rent to satisfy his neces-

sities, had deserted their abodes; the green acres had passed into other hands; a band of poor cotters alone remained, and this old house haunted by the ghosts of those who slept beneath the waveless pool, dilapidated, disfurnished. Yet here the wild knight had held lawless carousals; hither he sometimes fled to hide after some ruinous loss, or when he was pursued by those who sought to avenge insults committed during drunken brawls.

Now it would seem some orgie was meditated: liveried servants, one or two only bearing Clifford's coat, the rest wearing different badges, as belonging to different masters, had arrived during the previous day. Some of the ruined huts were pulled down to supply firewood, and the old chimnies sent out volumes of smoke; various carts, laden, some with eatables, fat bucks, young calves, pheasants, hares, and partridges, piles of bread, seven hooped casks of wine, were unladen in the mildew-stained hall. Other carts followed the first, bearing bedding, apparel, furniture, and, it was whispered by the idling villagers, arms. Several apartments were strewed

thick with rushes, and the blazing fires, in spite of the tattered plaster and stained ceilings, imparted cheerfulness to the rooms. There was need of internal warmth; a thick snow-storm fell, sheeting the low fields, which, interspersed by trees, now looked doubly wild and drear. The waters of the moat and pool were frozen; a sharp north-wind whistled round the house. For the first time for many years its poor dependents were cheered during the severe season by the crumbs, or rather large portions of superfluous food, from the mansion of their landlord.

The first guest that arrived came in a close litter, attended by a Moorish servant, and Clifford himself on horseback. Monina had forgotten her Flemish home: bright Andalusia, its orange groves, myrtle and geranium hedges, the evergreen forests which embowered Alcala, and the fertile laughing Vega of Granada, formed her image of such portions of fair earth, as, uncumbered by houses, afforded on its green and various surface sustenance to its inhabitants. She shivered before the northern blast, and

gazed appalled on the white plain, where the drifting snow shifted in whole showers, as the wind passed over it. The looks of the people, sallow, ill-clothed, and stupid, made her turn from contemplating them, as she yet answered the contemptuous and plaintive remarks of her Spanish attendant in a cheerful, deprecating voice.

For two successive days other guests continued to arrive. They were chiefly men of note, yet came attended by few domestics. There was Lord Fitzwater, dissatisfied at the part of rebel he was forced he thought to play; and on that account he was louder than any against King Henry. Sir Simon Mountford was a Yorkist of the days of Edward the Fourth, he personally hated Richmond, and looked on Richard's as a sacred cause. Sir Thomas Thwaites had been a friend of the Earl of Rivers, and gladly seized this occasion to avenge his death, attributable to the dastardly policy of Henry. William Daubeney was attached to the Earl of Warwick, and entered warmly into projects whose success crowned his freedom. Sir Robert Ratcliffe, cou-

sin of Lord Fitzwater, had lived in poor disguise since the battle of Stoke, and gladly threw off his peasant's attire to act the soldier again in a new war of the Roses. Sir Richard Lessey had been Chaplain to the household of Edward the Fourth. Sir William Worseley, Dean of St. Paul's, was a rare instance of gratitude outliving the period of receiving benefits; he had been a creature, and was a sincere mourner, of the late Queen. Many others, clergy and laity, entered the plot; a thousand different motives impelled them to one line of conduct, and brought them to Clifford's moated-house, to conspire the overthrow of Tudor, and the exaltation of the Duke of York to the throne. One only person invited to this assembly failed, Sir William Stanley; each voice was loud against his tergiversation, and Clifford's whispered sarcasm cut deeper than all.

The debates and consultations lasted three days. After infinite confusion and uncertainty, the deliberations brought forth conclusions that were resolved upon unanimously. First, the house they then occupied, and the village, was to

be a repository for arms, a rendezvous for the recruits of the cause. The conspirators levied a tax on themselves, and collected some thousand pounds to be remitted to the Prince. They regulated a system, whose object was to re-awaken party-spirit in England, and to quicken into speedy growth the seeds of discontent and sedition, which Henry's avarice and extortion had sown throughout the land. Those who possessed estates and followers were to organize troops. And last, they deputed two of their number to go over to the Duchess of Burgundy, and to carry their offers of service to her royal nephew. The two selected for this purpose were, first Sir Robert Clifford, who had known the Duke formerly, and who it was supposed would be peculiarly welcome to him; and secondly, Master William Barley, a man advanced in years; he had combated in nearly all the twelve pitched and sanguinary battles that were fought between York and Lancaster. He had been a boy-servitor to the old Duke of York; a yeoman of Edward's guard; an halberdier in Richard the Third's time. He

had been left for dead on the field of Bosworth, but came to life again to appear at the battle of Stoke. He had risen in the world, and was a man of substance and reputation : he was not noble ; but he was rich, zealous, and honest.

The meeting lasted three days, and then gradually dispersed. All had gone well. An assembly, whose individuals were noble, wealthy, or influential, united to acknowledge Richard as their liege. Foreign potentates declared for him ; and hope was high in every bosom at all these forerunners of success. Monina's enthusiastic heart beat with ecstasy. Young—the innocent child of unsophisticated impulse, her gladness showed itself in wild spirits and unconstrained expressions of exultation. She and Clifford returned to London together, for he contrived tacitly and unsuspected by her, to instal himself as her habitual escort. Happy in expectation of her beloved friend's success, she talked without reserve ; and the genius, which was her soul's essence, gave power and fascination to every thing she said. She spoke of Spain, of Richard's adventures there, of her father

and his voyages. The name of Columbus was mentioned; and the New World—source of wondrous conjecture. They spoke of the desolate waste of waters that hems in the stable earth—of the golden isles beyond : to all these subjects Monina brought vivid imagery, and bright painting, creations of her own quick fancy. Clifford had never before held such discourse. In hours of sickness or distaste, at moments of wild exhilaration, when careering on a high-mettled horse beneath the stars of night, fanned by a strong but balmy wind, he had conceived ideas allied to the lofty aspirations of our nature ; but he cast them off as dreams, unworthy of a wise man's attention. The melodious voice of Monina, attuned by the divine impulses of her spirit, as the harp of the winds by celestial breezes, raised a commotion in his mind, such as a prophetess of Delphi felt, when the oracular vapour rose up to fill her with sacred fury. A word, a single word, was a potent northern blast to dash aside the mist, and to re-apparel the world in its, to him, naked, barren truth. So fervently, and so sweetly did she speak of Richard, that

Clifford's burning heart was in a moment alight with jealousy; and the love he despised, and thought he mastered, became his tyrant, when it allied itself to his evil passions. He looked angry, he spoke sharply—Monina was astonished; but his libellous insinuations fell innocuous on her pure mind: she only felt that she feared him, half disliked him, and, trembling and laughing as she spoke, said, "Well, well; I will not care for your angry mood. You are going soon: ere you return, our Prince will, by his own bright example, have taught you better things. Learn from him diligently, Sir Knight, for he is all courtesy and nobleness."

Clifford laughed bitterly, and a base resolve of lowering the high-hearted York to his own degrading level arose in his breast: it was all chaos there as yet; but the element, which so lately yielded to a regular master-wind of ambition, was tossed in wild and hideous waves by—we will not call the passion love—by jealousy, envy, and growing hate. Short interval was allowed for the gathering of the storm; he was soon called upon to fulfil his commission, and to

accompany Master William Barley on their important embassy to Brussels.

The scene here presented, operated a considerable change on these personages; arriving from England, where the name of the White Rose was whispered, and every act in his favour was hid in the darkness of skulking conspiracy, to his court at Brussels, where noble followers clustered round him, and the Duchess, with a woman's tact and a woman's zeal, studied how best to give importance and splendour to his person and pretensions. The spirit of the Yorkist party, in spite of her natural mildness, still glowed in the bosom of this daughter of Henry the Sixth's unhappy rival,—the child of disaster, and bride of frantic turbulence. Opposed to the remorseless Louis the Eleventh, struggling with the contentious insolence of the free towns of Flanders, war appeared to her the natural destiny of man, and she yielded to its necessity, while her gentle heart sorrowed over the misery which it occasioned.

She first received Clifford and Barley; and with the winning grace of a sovereign, solicited

for her nephew their affection and support: then she presented them to him—this was the fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, whom Clifford saved, the gentle, noble-looking being, whose simplicity awed him; whose bright smile said, “I reign over every heart.” The Knight shrunk into himself: how had he dyed his soul in a worldliness which painted his countenance in far other colours.—He was not deficient in grace: his dark-grey eyes, veiled by long lashes, were in themselves exceedingly handsome: the variableness of his face, traced with many unseasonable lines, yet gave him the power of assuming a pleasing expression; and his person, though diminutive, was eminently elegant, while his self-possession and easy address, covered a multitude of faults. Now, his first resolve was to insinuate himself into Richard’s affections; to become a favourite; and consequently to lead him blindly on the path he desired he should tread.

The Prince’s spirits were high; his soul exulted in the attachment of others, in the gratitude that animated him. Until Clifford’s

arrival (Edmund was for the time in England), Sir George Neville, among his new friends, held the first place. He was proud and reserved; but his aristocracy was so blended with honour, his reserve with perfect attention and deference to the feelings of others, that it was impossible not to esteem him, and find pleasure in his society. Clifford and Neville made harsh discord together. Richard, inexperienced in the world, sought to harmonize that which never could accord: Neville drew back; and Clifford's good humour, and apparent forbearance, made him appear to advantage.

At this period ambassadors from Henry arrived at Brussels: they had been expected; and as a measure of precaution, Richard left that place before their arrival, and took up his temporary abode at Audenarde, a town which made part of the dowry of the Duchess Margaret. All the English, save Lady Brampton, attended him to his retreat. The ambassadors, in their audience with the Archduke, demanded the expulsion of Richard from the Low Countries, taunting the Duchess with her support of the

notorious impostor, Lambert Simnel, and speaking of the Duke of York as a fresh puppet of her own making. They received the concise reply—that the gentleman she recognized as her nephew, inhabited the territory of her dowry, of which she was sovereign, and over which the Archduke had no jurisdiction: however, that no disturbance might occur in their commercial relations, which would have roused all Flanders to rebellion, Maximilian was obliged to temporize, and to promise to afford no aid to the illustrious exile.

Their audience accomplished, the ambassadors had only to return. They remained but one night at Brussels: on this night, Sir Edward Poynings and Doctor Wattam, who fulfilled this mission, were seated over a cup of spiced wine, in discourse concerning these strange events, the Lady Margaret's majestic demeanour, and the strangeness of her supporting this young man, if indeed he were an impostor; when a cavalier, whose soiled dress and heated appearance bespoke fatigue and haste, entered the room. It was Sir Robert

Clifford: they received him as liege subjects may receive a traitor, with darkened brows and serious looks. Clifford addressed them in his usual careless style:—"Saint Thomas shield me, my masters; can you not afford one benison to your gossip! Good Sir Edward, we have ruffled together, when we wore both white and red in our caps; and does the loss of a blood-stained rag degrade me from your friendship?"

The bitter accusations of the Knight, and the Doctor's sarcasms, which were urged in reply, awoke a haughty smile. "Oh, yes!" he cried, "ye are true men, faithful liege subjects! I, an inheritance of the block, already marked for quartering, because I am for the weak right, you for the strong might. Right, I say—start not—the Mother of God be my witness! Duke Richard is Duke Richard—is lord of us all—true son of the true king, Ned of the White Rose, whom you swore to protect, cherish, and exalt; you, yes, even you, Sir Knight. Where is now your oath? cast from heaven, to pave

the hell where you will reap the meed of your lying treachery !”

Clifford, always insolent, was doubly so now, that he felt accused of crimes of which he did not deem himself guilty; but which would (so an obscure presentiment told him) hereafter stain his soul. Doctor Wattam interposed before Poyning's rising indignation: “Wherefore come you here, Sir Robert?” he asked. “Though we are envoys of the king you have betrayed, we may claim respect: Sir Edward, as a gentleman and a cavalier—I as an humble servitor of the Lord Jesus, in whose name I command you not to provoke to a bloody deed the messengers of peace.”

“Cease to taunt me with a traitor's name,” replied Sir Robert, “and I will chafe no further the kindling blood of my sometime friend. Let us rather leave all idle recrimination. I came hither to learn how wagged the world in London town, and, as a piece of secret intelligence, to assure you that you wrongfully brand this stripping for an impostor. Be he sovereign of our land or not—be it right or wrong to side with York

against Lancaster—York he is, the son of Edward and Elizabeth; so never fail me my good sword or my ready wits!”

“The best of us are inclined to curiosity. A little fearful of each other, the Ambassadors exchanged looks, to know whether either would accuse the other of treachery if they heard further. “Good Sir,” said the Doctor, gravely, “methinks we do our liege service in listening to this gentleman. We can the better report to his Majesty on what grounds the diabolic machination is founded.”

So, over another goblet, Clifford sat telling them how Richard had long lived as Perkin Warbeck, in the neighbourhood of Tournay, under the guardianship of Madeline de Faro; and he recounted the history of his escape from the hands of Frion. Doctor Wattam carefully conned these names; and then, in reply, he set forth how unworthy it was of a Clifford to desert from Lancaster; how unlikely, even if it were true, which after all his tale hardly proved, it was, that the outcast boy could compete with success

with the sage possessor of England's throne. Poynings asked him how it pleased him to find himself at the same board with a Neville and a Taylor, and hinted that, an exile from his country and a traitor to his sovereign, this was hardly the way to replenish his purse, or to gain anew the broad lands he had lost. The service he might do Henry by a return to his duty, gratitude and reward, were then urged by the priest, while Clifford listened in dogged silence. His brow became flushed; his lips worked with internal commotion. He felt, he knew, that he hated the very man whose cause he espoused; but he was pledged to so many, a whole array of noble and respected names came before him. Could he, in the eyes of these, become a false, foul traitor? He refilled, and quaffed again and again his cup; and at last so wound himself up, as to begin, "My friends, you speak sooth, though I may not listen; yet, if you name one so humble and distasteful, say to my liege—"

A page in green and white—the colours of Lady Brampton, entered, announcing her

speedy arrival. Clifford's wits were already disturbed by wine; instinct made him fear in such a state to come in contact with the subtle lady; he drew his cap over his eyes, his cloak around his person, and vanished from the hall, ere his friends were aware of his intention.

The interview between Lady Brampton and the gentlemen was of another sort. Sir Edward had in her younger days worn her colours. She was changed in person since then: but, when, after a short interval, he got over the shock consequent on the first perception of the sad traces of time on the cheek of beauty, he found that her eyes possessed the same fire, her voice the same thrilling tone, her smile the same enchantment. While the Doctor, who had loved her as a daughter, and she regarded him with filial reverence, rebuked her for what he termed her misdeeds; she replied with vivacity, and such true and zealous love for him whose cause she upheld, that they were both moved to listen with respect, if not conviction, to her asseverations. She could not gain her point, nor win them over to her side; but, when she departed, neither

spoke of young Richard's rights, unwilling to confess to one another that they were converts to his truth. She went. The next day they departed from Brussels, and it became subject of discussion, what step Henry would now take, and whether, by any new measure, he could disturb the ripening conspiracy against his throne.

CHAPTER III.

Oh, what excuse can my invention make?

I do arrest ye of high treason here!

SHAKSPEARE.

HENRY'S ambassadors had wrought little change on any except Clifford. His words had been interrupted; they were nothing in themselves; but their spirit, the spirit of treason, was in his heart. He made up his mind to nothing; he looked forward to no certain project; but he felt that hereafter he might betray his present associates to their arch-enemy. As yet his conscience was not seared; the very anticipation of guilt tortured him, and he longed to fly from thought. Another blind impulse drove him on. He hated the Prince, because

he was his opposite; because, while he was a cankered bloom, his heart a waste, his soul crusted over by deceit, his very person sullied by evil deeds and thoughts, Duke Richard stood in all the pride of innocence. Could he degrade him to his own level, there would be a pang the less in his bosom; could he injure him in the eyes of his friends, render him, as he himself had ever been, an object of censure, he would satisfy the ill-cravings of his nature, and do Henry a wondrous benefit by tarnishing the high character his rival bore, causing him whom his adherents set up as an idol, to become a reproach to them.

Clifford thought that it would be an easy task to entice a gay young stripling into vice. Richard loved hawking, hunting, and jousting in the lists, almost more, some of his elder friends thought, than befitted one on the eve of a perilous enterprize. Governed by Edmund, attended by Neville, watched by the noble Duchess and vigilant Lady Brampton, it was no great wonder that he had hitherto escaped error: but Clifford went wilily to work, and hoped in some

brief luckless hour to undo the work of years. Richard was glad to find in him a defender of his inclination for manly sports; an intimacy sprung up between them, which it would not be the Knight's fault, if it did not bring about the catastrophe he desired.

What then perpetually opposed all his measures? What, when he thought he had caused the tide of temptation to flow, suddenly made it ebb and retreat back to its former banks? Clifford, an adept in every art, moulded himself to every needful form, and at last won the secret from the deep recess of Richard's heart: he loved,—he loved Monina, that living emblem of innocent affection; never, he had vowed, would he disturb the sacred calm that reigned in her young heart, nor gift ignorance with fatal knowledge. She knew not the nature of her own feelings, and he would not withdraw the veil; but he was himself conscious of being swayed by the tenderest love. He could not marry her; his own misfortunes had arisen from the misalliance of his father; she herself would have refused to injure thus his

cause, and have disdained him, if for her sake he had been inclined to abdicate his rights: he would be her friend, her brother. With passion came sorrow: he fled from sad reflection to the chase, to the exercise of arms. But other temptation became blunted by this very sentiment: his love grew more ardent by restraint; if he yielded in her absence to the contemplation of her image, his soul was filled with a voluptuous languor, from which he roused himself by attention to his duties or hardy pastimes; but to every other form of pleasure he was cold. This was a strange, incomprehensible picture to present to the world-worn Clifford; he fancied that it must be a delusion, but he found all the resistance of firm reality. To embitter his defeat came his own fierce passions, and the knowledge that Monina loved his rival; they would see each other, be happy in each other, and laugh him to scorn! He concealed his jealousy, his disappointment: but double, treble rage gnawed at his heart; hatred awoke in her most viperous shape, fanged by a sense of inferiority, envenomed by envy, sharpened by the

torture of defeat. How little did any know—above all, how not at all did his innocent victim suspect—the storm that brooded in his heart! There was something in the very slightness and grace of his figure that was at variance with the idea of violence and crime; and his glossing tongue added to the deceit. Lady Brampton feared him a little; Frion saw something in him, that made him pay greater court to him than to any other—these were the only indications. Sunshine and calm brooded over the earthquake's birth.

Meanwhile, Henry was not sleeping at his post. He saw the full extent of his danger, and exerted all his energy to provide against it. His immediate attention was chiefly directed to two points. In the first place it was desirable to forge some tale, to account for the circumstances that spoke so loudly for the truth of York's story, and thus to degrade him from the high esteem in which he was universally held; secondly, it became necessary to certify to the public the death of Edward the Fifth and his brother in the Tower. We may well wonder at his ill success as to the first point:—there

never was concocted so ill-fangled, so incongruous, and so contradictory a fable, as that put together by Henry, purporting to be the history of the pretender. He was himself ashamed of it, and tried to call it in. History has in its caprice given more credence to this composition, than its contemporaries gave; it was ridiculed and despised at the time even by the partizans of Lancaster.

He was equally unfortunate in his second effort. To explain his attempts we must go back to the time of Richard the Third. On repeated reports being made to him of his unhappy imprisoned nephew's illness, this monarch had commissioned Sir James Tirrel to visit him. The young Prince had languished without any appearance of immediate danger, and then suddenly drooped even to the grave. Tirrel arrived at the Tower late in the evening, and the first intelligence he received was, that the Lord Edward was dying. At the midnight hour he was admitted into his sick room: his two attendants followed him no further than the ante-chamber. He entered. The glazed eye

and death-pale cheek of the victim spoke of instant dissolution : a few slight convulsions, and it was over—Edward was no more ! With wild, loud cries poor little York threw himself on his brother's body. Tirrel's servants, affrighted, entered : they found one of the Princes, whose illness had been represented as trivial, dead ; the other was carried off, struggling and screaming, by their master and an attendant priest, the only two persons in the chamber. They departed two hours afterwards from the Tower. Tirrel seemed disturbed, and was silent. They would perhaps have thought less about it ; but hearing subsequently of the disappearance and supposed death of the young Duke, wonder grew into suspicion, and in thoughtless talk they laid the foundation of a dire tale out of these fragments. Henry had heard it before ; now he endeavoured to trace its origin. Tirrel, who for some time had lived obscurely in the country, came to London—he was immediately seized, and thrown into prison. Emissaries were set to work to find the three others, the priest and Sir James's two servants. Only one was to be

found; and, when Tirrel was asked concerning this man, by name John Dighton, he told a tale of ingratitude punished by him, which was soothing sweet to King Henry's ear: he was speedily discovered and imprisoned. Both master and follower underwent many examinations; and it was suggested to each, that reward would follow their giving countenance to a tale of midnight murder. Tirrel was indignant at the proposal; Dighton, on the contrary—a needy, bad man—while he told the story so as to gloss his own conduct, was very ready to inculcate his master; and it grew finely under his fosterage. Henry saw that without Tirrel's connivance he could not authenticate any account; but he gave all the weight he could to these reports. Few persons believed them, yet it served to confuse and complicate events; and, while people argued, some at least would take his side of the question, and these would be interested to spread their belief abroad:—Duke Richard must be the loser in every way.

The spies, the traitor-emissaries of the fear-struck monarch, were all busy; there was a

whole army of them dispersed in England and Flanders—none could know the false man from the true. To obviate every suspicion, he caused his own hirelings to be proclaimed traitors, and cursed at St. Paul's Cross.

The priests, ever his friends, were impiously permitted to violate the sacrament of confession; and thus several unsuspecting men betrayed their lives, while they fancied that they performed a religious duty. A few names still escaped him—he tampered with Clifford and Frion for them: the former was not yet quite a villain; the latter found that he enjoyed more credit, honour, and power, as the Duke's Secretary, than he could do as Henry's spy; besides, his vanity was hurt—he wished to revenge himself on the master who had discarded him.

In nothing did Henry succeed better than in throwing an impenetrable veil over his manœuvres. Most people thought, so tranquil and unconcerned he seemed, that he did not suspect the existence of an actual conspiracy, fostered in England itself, containing many influential persons among its numbers. All were

sure that he was entirely ignorant of their names and actual purposes. The many months which intervened while he waited patiently, corroborated this belief, and the conspirators slept in security. The winter passed, and they continued to scheme, apparently unobserved; spring came—they prepared for York's landing—for a general rising—for a sudden seizing on many walled towns and fortresses—for the occupation of London itself. A few brief weeks, and Henry's prosperity would be shaken to its centre—his power uprooted—he and his children would wander exiles in a foreign land; and another king, the gallant descendant of the true Plantagenets, reign in his stead.

Thus occupied, thus prepared, were the Yorkists in England; at Brussels, things were carried on more openly, and wore a more promising appearance. The Duchess, Lady Brampton, Plantagenet, triumphed. Sir George Neville anticipated with proud joy a restoration of the fallen race of Warwick, and regarded himself already as another king-maker of that house. Every exile looked northward, and grew

joyful with the thought of home. Frion became more busy and important than ever; he had lately gone disguised to England, in pursuance of some project. In another week they expected Lord Barry to join them from Ireland: Clifford was amazed, vacillating, terrified. He knew that Henry was far from idle; he was aware that some of the loudest speakers in Richard's favour in Brussels were his hirelings, whom he would not betray, because he half felt himself one among them, though he could not quite prevail on himself to join their ranks. He believed that the King was in eager expectation of his decision in his favour; that nothing could be done till he said the word; he proposed conditions; wished to conceal some names; exempt others from punishment. Messengers passed continually between him and Bishop Morton, Henry's chief counsellor and friend, and yet he could not determine to be altogether a traitor.

This stood affairs; a consummation, all thought to be nigh at hand. It was the spring of 1494, and the coming summer was to decide

the fate of York. A ball was given by the Duchess, in honour of her nephew; it was splendidly and gaily attended. Clifford had been conversing with the Prince, when suddenly he left the apartment: it was long ere he came back, and slowly joined the principal groupe in the room, consisting of the Duchess, the Prince, Lady Brampton, Neville, Plantagenet, Taylor, and several others. Clifford's countenance was marked by horror and surprise; so much so, that Lady Brampton looked at him a moment without knowing him. Suddenly she started up and seized his arm—"Holy Virgin!" she cried, "what had dressed your face, Sir Robert, in this pale livery? what tale of death have you heard?"

The brow of Clifford became flushed, his lips grew whiter, as quivering they refused to form the words he attempted to utter. Barley had before this quitted the apartment: he rushed in now, crying aloud, "Treason!"

"Treason!" Neville repeated, laying his hand heavily on Clifford's shoulder; "hear

you that word, Sir Knight? Where is the traitor?"

Clifford in a moment recovered himself, answering, composedly, "Aye, would I could point out the man—would that I could drag him forth, the mark, the very target for the shafts of vengeance. We are lost; the cause is lost; our friends; the good Lord Fitzwater. I would have hid his name in the bowels of the earth!"

Already the festal hall was deserted; already the guests were dispersed, to learn how wide the destruction had spread. By the Prince's orders, the messenger from England was introduced before himself and his principal friends: it was Adam Floyer, Sir Simon Mountford's chaplain; escaped himself, he was the bearer of a frightful tale. On one day, almost at the same hour, the Yorkist conspirators were arrested. Lord Fitzwater, Sir Simon Mountford, Sir Thomas Thwaites, Robert Ratcliffe, William Daubeny, Thomas Cressenor, Thomas Astwood, two Dominicans, by name William Richford and Thomas Poyns, Doctor William Sutton, Worseley the

Dean of Saint Paul's; Robert Langborne, and Sir William Lessey, were all seized and cast into prison. Others had escaped: young Gilbert Daubeny, brother of William, and Sir Edward Lisle, had arrived in Flanders. Others made good speed and had fled to Ireland.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh, Clifford ! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought oerrun my former time,
And if thou can'st for blushing, view this face !

SHAKSPEARE.

“ WHERE is the traitor ? ” Neville's question resounded through Flanders, and was echoed in groans from the English shores. Each man feared the other ; and saw the mark of Henry's malice on the brow of all. It was a worse scene in England ; executions followed imprisonment ; the scaffolds flowed with blood, and suspicion was still greedy of prey. Among the papers seized by the King, there was found a letter from Clifford to Lord Fitzwater, con-

taining these words: "I do protest, my Lord, that the proof of York's truth is most pertinent. You know this; and yet he who cut the crooked rose-bush to the roots, still doubts: forsooth, he is still at his 'ifs'—'if he were sure that that young man were King Edward's son, he would never bear arms against him.' Pray, deprive my Lord of his 'if;' for arms he must never bear: he is too principal to any cause."

Henry tormented himself to find who this doubter might be: again he sought to bribe Clifford, who was at first dogged that so much was done without him, and then tried to barter his intelligence for Lord Fitzwater's life. Such grace had he left, that he was ready to exert his wits to save his former patron; this was granted. This noble alone of the conspirators, who were laymen, was spared; he was sent prisoner to Calais.

At the first word of discovery Monina's friends had endeavoured to ensure her escape to Flanders; but her name was known to Henry, and there was none whom he was more desirous to get into his power. She remained concealed at

a little distance from London; she grew mad in inaction; the work of death and misery around, wound up her tender spirit to torture; and the execution of her former friends filled her with such horror, as made day hateful, night the parent of frightful visions. After several weeks' seclusion, she all at once resolved to visit London, to seek some one of her former friends; to learn whether the tragedy was over, and what further mischiefs despair might have engendered. She inhabited a solitary mansion, with one old woman, who opposed her going, but vainly. Monina was too young to bear uncertainty with any degree of patience. Some slight joy visited her as she found herself on her road to London: before she arrived a heavy rain fell, but she was not to be discouraged. Sir Edward Lisle, she knew, had not been arrested; she was unaware of his escape, and thought perhaps that he had not been discovered: she might get intelligence from him. His house was deserted and empty: another hope remained; Sir William Stanley. She knew his timidity, and resolved to be cautious as to the manner of her visit.

Sir William had ever been peculiarly kind to the gentle maiden: fearing to see her openly, she had often come to him by water: his mansion, near the Palace at Westminster, had a garden upon the Thames: without exciting any remark, she could land here: it was already night, and this favoured secrecy. With some difficulty, in the city, where she then was, she contrived to find her way to an obscure wharf, and embarked in a wherry; fortunately, it was high water, and she landed without difficulty in the garden, and dismissed the men. Now she began to be puzzled as to how she should make her way, dripping with rain, unexpected, to Sir William's presence. She had been accustomed to be admitted by a little door opening on stairs which led to her old friend's library; this was shut now. Suddenly she thought she heard voices, and then perceived a thread of light that streamed through the key-hole of the summer-house in the garden: there was a noise on the water too, and a boat was paddled to the landing-place. Bewildered, yet believing that all this secrecy was connected

with the grand conspiracy, she moved towards the summer-house; the door was opened, and the light falling full upon her, she saw several figures within, and a female shriek burst upon her ear: quick steps were heard behind: to retreat or go forward equally terrified her; when one of the persons in the summer-house, a man in an uncouth foreign garb, cried —“Thou here, Monina! What miracle is this? Come, come in, there is danger in all we do.”

Monina recognized the voice of Frion, and entered; there she saw one, a lady richly attired, yet half disguised in a large black cloak. Fear was painted on her cheek; her blue eyes were cast up to Heaven. A female attendant with her seemed yet more terrified. About the room were scattered globes and astrolabes, and all the gear of an astrologer. In the lady, Monina recognized York's sister, Tudor's Queen, the fair Elizabeth of England. At once compassion and respect entered her heart; she addressed the royal lady with reverence, and all that touching grace that was her sweetest charm; she

assured her of inviolable secrecy; she reminded her of their former interview. Elizabeth grew calmer as she recognized her visitor at Shene: she stretched out her hand to the Spaniard, saying—"I do indeed believe and trust thee; thou shalt hear again from me:" then folding her mantle round her, and leaning on her attendant, she quitted the house, and with trembling haste embarked.

For many weeks after this scene Monina continued concealed in Sir William Stanley's mansion. When the arrest of the conspirators had taken place, Frion, balked in an attempt to escape, for safety's sake had assumed the habit and character of an astrologer, and so far worked upon Stanley's fears, and won him by his flattery, that he permitted him to take up his residence in his summer-house. Frion was a clever prophet, and too restless not to become notorious: it was a good mode, he averred, to put hope in the hearts of the Yorkists, by prognosticating all manner of success to them. His fame spread; the Queen questioned Stanley about his new astrologer, and the confusion the

poor Chamberlain evinced, served only to excite her curiosity. She sent one of her attendants to see what manner of man he might be, and the subtle Friar profited by this little artifice, which Sir William in his terror divulged, to entice the Queen herself to his cell; she came, and the result of her visit was to bring Monina again before her.

Such were the agents still at work for York in London. Such the materials Clifford strove to mould into a purpose of his own. There was no reason, so many of the White Rose thought, to forego all their plans, because one had come to a fatal end. Still Richard might land in England, and make head against Tudor. On a smaller scale, with lessened hopes and diminished ardour, a scheme of this kind was canvassed. Clifford appeared its chief abettor, and encouraged it by every means in his power; none were averse; it was not an enterprize of such high expectation as the discovered one; but, undertaken with speed, and prosecuted with energy, it might turn out as well. England was by no means tranquil; the metropolis itself was

the scene of tumults: these were raised to a ferment by the embargo Henry had found it necessary to place on all communication with Holland, a measure fraught with ruin to many of the richest merchants in London.

At this time, towards the end of summer, the King came up from his palace at Shene, and held a court at Westminster. One of the immediate subjects that brought him up, was a tumult in the city, to which the embargo had given rise. A vast number of apprentices and journeymen belonging to the ruined merchants, were out of employ, while the traders from Hans, and other free German towns, who went among us by the name of the Easterlings, got the commerce into their own hands, and grew rich upon it. The sight of their prosperity was to the starving Londoners, as the pressed rowel of a spur in a horse's side; with the usual barbarism of the untaught and rude, they visited on these men the fault of their governors—the discontent augmented till it became loud, furious, and armed. Multitudes of those deprived of their usual means, met, and, in a moment of

rage, proceeded from words to acts. They endeavoured to force and rifle the warehouses of the Easterlings, who repulsed them with difficulty; nor did they disperse, till the Mayor arrived with men and weapons, from whom they fled like a flock of sheep. When tidings of this event was brought to Henry; he, who saw in all things the multiplied image of the abhorred White Rose, believed the Yorkists to be its secret cause. The day after his arrival he gave audience to the Mayor, who reported that, from every examination made, none appeared to have a part in it, except servants and apprentices, nearly a hundred of whom were imprisoned in the Tower.

In giving a detail of this circumstance, the Mayor related that the Easterlings declared, that at the first onset their richest store-chambers must have become the prey of the rioters, but for the interposition of one man. He was a sea captain, and had arrived but the day before with his caravel, from Spain—they represented him as a person of gigantic stature and superhuman strength. Entangled by the mob

in his progress through the city, he had no sooner discovered their intent, than he contrived to make his way into the stilyard; and, there combining the forces of the defenders, more by his personal prowess than any other means, he beat back the invaders, and succeeded in closing the gates. At the representation of the Mayor, Henry commanded that this man should be brought before him, partly that he might thank him for his services; and partly, for Henry was curious on such points, to learn from him the news from Spain, and if more had been heard of the wild visionary Columbus and his devoted crew, since they had deserted the stable continent, to invade the hidden chambers of the secret western ocean.

The King received the mariner in his closet. None were in attendance save Urswick. There was something grand in the contrast between these men. The courtier priest—the sovereign, whose colourless face was deep-lined with careful thought, whose eyes were skilled in reading the thoughts of men, and whose soul was perpetually alive to every thing that was passing

around him—and the ocean rock, the man of tempests and hardships, whose complexion was darkened and puckered by exposure to sun and wind, whose every muscle was hardened by labour, but whose unservile mien bespoke no cringing to any power, save Nature's own. He received Henry's thanks with respect, and replied simply: he answered also several questions put to him concerning his voyages; it appeared that he had but lately arrived from Spain—that he came to seek a relative who resided in England. During this interview a thought flashed on Henry's mind. In his late transactions with Clifford, the base purpose had been formed of enticing the Duke and his principal adherents to England, and of delivering them up to their enemy; there had been some discussion as to providing, at least, one vessel in Henry's pay, to make part of the little fleet which would bring the Duke of York over. This was difficult, as suspicion might attach itself to any English vessel; but here was one, with a stranger captain, and a foreign crew, a man who knew nothing of White or Red Rose, who would

merely fulfil his commission. Slow on all occasions to decide, the King appointed another interview with the stranger.

It so happened, that the news of the appearance of the Spanish Captain, had penetrated to the Queen's apartments; and little Arthūr, her gentle and darling son, was desirous to see the countrymen of Columbus, whose promised discoveries were the parent of such wonder and delight throughout the world. The Prince of Wales must not be denied this pleasure, and the Spaniard was ushered into the Queen's presence. An enthusiast in his art, his energetic, though simple expressions enchanted the intelligent Prince, and even compelled the attention of his little sturdy brother Henry. He spoke in words, borrowed from Columbus's own lips, of translucent seas, of an atmosphere more softly serene than ours, of shores of supernal beauty, of the happy natives, of stores of treasure, and the bright hopes entertained concerning the further quest to be made in these regions. Elizabeth forgot herself to listen, and regretted the necessity of so soon dismissing him. She asked a few

questions relative to himself, his vessel; "She was a gallant thing once," replied her commander, "when I took her from the Algerines, and new christened her the Adalid; because like her owner, being of Moorish origin she embraced the true faith. My own name, please your Grace, is Hernan De Faro, otherwise called the Captain of the Wreck, in memory of a sad tedious adventure, many years old."

"De Faro—had he not a daughter?"

Anxiety and joy showed itself at once in the mariner's countenance. Monina!—Where was she? How eagerly and vainly had he sought her—faltering, the Queen had only power to say, that Sir William Stanley, the Lord Chamberlain, could inform him; and, terrified, put an end to the interview.

Two days after—already had de Faro found and fondly embraced his beloved child—Urswick, at the King's command, sent for the hero of the stilyard, and after some questioning, disclosed his commission to him; it was such, that, had De Faro been in ignorance, would have led him to suspect nothing—he was simply to sail for

Ostend; where he would seek Sir Robert Clifford, and deliver a letter: he was further told that he was to remain at Sir Robert's command, to receive on board his vessel whoever the Knight should cause to embark in her, and to bring them safely to England. To all this De Faro, aware of the dread nature of these orders, assented; and, in Stanley's summer-house, with the Lord Chamberlain, Monina, and Frion, it was discussed how this web of treason could best be destroyed. There was little room for doubt; Monina resolved to sail with her father, to denounce Clifford to the Prince, and so save him and his friends from the frightful snare. Frion still remained in England, to try to fathom the whole extent of the mischief intended; though now, fearful of discovery, he quitted his present abode, and sought a new disguise. Stanley trembled at Clifford's name, but he saw no suspicion in his sovereign's eye, and was reassured.

The Adalid sailed, bearing the King's letters to Clifford, and having Monina on board, who was to unfold to the deceived Prince and his followers the dangers that menaced them.

Already, as the appointed time drew near, most of Richard's partizans were assembled at Ostend; a fleet of three vessels was anchored in the port to convey them to England to fated death; the Prince himself, with Clifford, sojourned in a castle at no great distance. Sir Robert insinuated himself each day more and more into his royal friend's confidence; each day his hatred grew, and he fed himself with it to keep true to his base purpose; among the partizans of York sometimes he felt remorse; beside the bright contrast of his own dark self, never.

Monina landed; and, the Prince being absent, first she sought Lady Brampton—she was at Brussels; then Plantagenet,—he was expected, but not arrived from Paris; then she asked for Sir George Neville, as the chief of the English exiles; to him she communicated her strange, her horrid tidings, to him she showed Henry's still sealed letter to Clifford. What visible Providence was here, laying its finger on the headlong machinery that was bearing them to destruction! Neville was all aghast: he, who did not like, had ceased to suspect Clifford,

seeing that he adhered to them at their worst. He lost no time in bringing Monina to the castle, but ten miles distant, where York then was; he introduced her privately, and, wishing that she should tell her tale herself, went about to contrive that, without Clifford's knowledge or suspicion, the Prince should have an interview with her.

Monina did not wonder that her bosom throbbed wildly, as she remained in expectation of seeing her childhood's playfellow, from whom she had been so long absent. Nor did she check her emotion of intense pleasure when she saw him, and heard him in her native Spanish utter expressions of glad delight at so unexpectedly beholding her. Time had changed him very little; his aspect was still boyish; and, if more thought was seated in his eye, his smile was not the less frank and sweet; she was more altered; her little but feminine form had acquired grace; the girl was verging into the woman—blooming as the one, tender and impassioned as the other; her full dark eyes, which none could behold and not feel the very inner

depths of their nature stirred, were the home of sensibility and love. A few moments were given to an interchange of affectionate greeting, and then York, recurring to the mysterious mode in which Neville had expressed himself, asked if any thing, save a kind wish to visit the brother of her childhood, had brought her hither; she replied, by relating to him the circumstances of her father's commission from Henry, and delivering to him the letter for Sir Robert. The whole wide world of misery contains no pang so great, as the discovery of treachery where we pictured truth; death is less in the comparison, for both destroy the future, and one, with Gorgon countenance, transforms the past. The world appeared to slide from beneath the Prince, as he became aware that Clifford's smiles were false; his seeming honesty, his discourse of honour, the sympathy apparent between them, a lie, a painted lie, alluring him by fair colours to embrace foulest deformity. The exceeding openness and confidence of his own nature, rendered the blow doubly unnatural and frightful; and Monina,

who had half disliked, and latterly had almost forgotten Clifford, was full of surprise and pain to mark the affliction her friend's countenance expressed.

There was no time for regret. Neville interrupted them, and it became necessary to act. Richard held in his hand the sealed proof of his associate's falsehood: Sir George urged him to open it, so to discover the whole extent of the treason. The Prince's eyes were at once lighted up by the suggestion: no, no, because Clifford had been base, he would violate no law of honour—there was no need for the sake of others; his treachery discovered, was fangless; nor would he even undertake the dark office of openly convicting and punishing: his conscience and remorse should be judge and executioner.

Monina and Neville returned to Ostend. The Prince sent a message to Clifford with some trifling commission to execute in the same town; and Sir Robert, who had heard of the arrival of a stranger caravel from England, was glad of an opportunity, to ride over to learn its character. His feet were in the stirrups, when

a page brought him a letter from the Duke, which he was bid not to open till he had departed. A sense of a mysterious meaning came over him. Was he discovered? At the first dawn of this suspicion he clapped spurs to his horse, and was already far away; then, impatient of uncertainty, as soon as half the brief space to Ostend was measured, he took out the packet, eyed it curiously, and, after many qualms and revolutions of feeling, suddenly tore it open. King Henry's dispatch, written in Urswick's well-known hand, first met his eye. Worse in action than in thought, a cold dew mantled on his brow; and, while his heart stood still in his labouring breast, he cast his eyes over a few lines, written in Richard's fair clear Spanish hand:—

“This paper, joined to the mode in which it fell into my hands, accuses you of treason. If wrongfully, accord permission that the seal may be broken, and your innocence proved.

“Even if the mystery which this letter contains cannot be divulged nor exculpated, all is not

lost. Perhaps you are rather weak than guilty ; erring but not wicked. If so, return immediately on your steps ; by a frank confession merit my confidence. I were unworthy of the mediation of the Blessed Saints, whom each night I solicit to intercede for me before our Heavenly Father, were I not ready to pardon one who has sinned, but who repents.

“ If your crime be of a deeper dye, and you are allied in soul to my enemy, depart. It is enough for me that I never see you more. If I remain a fugitive for ever, you will lose nothing by deserting my ruined fortunes ; if I win the day, my first exercise of the dearest prerogative of kings, will be to pardon you.

“ RICHARD.”

CHAPTER V.

Shall I be the slave
 Of—what? a word? which those of this false world
 Employ against each other, not themselves,
 As men wear daggers not for self offence.
 But if I am mistaken, where shall I
 Find the disguise to hide me from myself,
 As now I skulk from every other eye.

SHELLEY.

ONE of the surest results of guilt is to deprive the criminal of belief in the goodness of others. Clifford was discovered. Even, if Richard continued true to his promise of pardon, his adherents and counsellors might force him to another line of conduct. A dungeon and death floated terribly before his confused vision. Flight, instant flight to England, where by a

full confession of many things he had reserved, and the disclosure of an important unsuspected name, he might still receive welcome and reward from Henry, was the only course left him to pursue.

His thoughts were chaos. Shame and indignation raged in his heart. He was a convicted traitor, a dishonoured man. "Oh, my envied father!" in his wretchedness he exclaimed, "you died gloriously for Lancaster. I live, steeped in obloquy, for the same cause. Abhorred Plantagenet! what misery has been mine since first your name came to drug me with racking poison! What have I not endured while I cringed to the fair-haired boy! Thank the powers of hell, that time is past! Devil as I have stamped myself, his arch crime, lying, is no more my attribute. To the winds and men's thirsty ears I may cry aloud—I hate Plantagenet!"

It was some relief to this miserable man to array his thoughts in their darkest garb, soothing his evil passions with words, which acted on them as a nurse's fondling talk to a querulous

child. His line of conduct was fixed; he remembered Neville's sudden appearance and departure the night before; he had brought the letter; he was waiting for him at Ostend to seize on him, to turn to mockery the Prince's promised pardon. Those were days of violence and sudden bloodshed: the enemy a man could not visit with legal punishment, he thought himself justified in destroying with his own hand; the passions of the Yorkists, who found they had been driven into shambles instead of a fold, must be fierce and dangerous. Without delay, he resolved to embark in one of the vessels then in the roads; he hurried to the beach; the wind seemed fair; there was a poor kind of hostelry, the common resort of sailors near, from whence a signal could be given for a boat to be sent off for him. While waiting for it, he quitted the noisy vulgarity of the inn, and walked towards a kind of ruined tower, that once perhaps had served as a light-house. In all the panic of guilt, a roof, however desolate, appeared a shelter, and he sought it: it was dilapidated and dark; there were some rude, narrow stairs

leading to the upper story; these he ascended, and entered what had been a kind of guard-room, and started at the vision he beheld: leaning against the aperture that had served for a casement, looking on the wide green sea, was Monina. Her lustrous eyes turned on him—eyes before whose full softness his violence, his insolence quailed; till shame, despair, and rage, and the deep-seated arrogance of his nature conquered his better feelings. She knew his crime, witnessed his disgrace; there was no more to lose in the world. What more could he win? His presence occasioned her much emotion. She had just quitted Neville, who somewhat angrily remarked upon the Prince's ill-timed lenity, and spoke bitterly of all the ill Clifford, thus let loose, might do in England. And here he was, about to embark for that very island, where one at least, Sir William Stanley was at his mercy. Gladly Monina seized on this opportunity to dive into his projects, and to inspire by her energetic words the traitor's bosom with some sense of right. She, alas! inspired passion

only, and jealousy, that now at last his rival would see her love-lighted eyes turned affectionately on him; while all the reproach of which they were capable was his meed. What such men as Clifford feel is not love: he had no real friendship for the innocent girl; each feeling that expresses the sympathy of our intellectual nature, was never associated to him with the name of woman. As she spoke therefore of his duties to God and man, violated, but not irretrievably, and with soft persuasion entreated him to spare those whose lives hung upon his word, he recovered his obduracy, and replied in a tone whose hollow vaunting was at discord with the music that fell from her lips—
“My pretty maiden, I thank thee for thy good intentions, and if thou wilt wholly undertake my instruction, will prove an apt scholar. Honesty and I are too poor to be messmates; but if thou wilt join us—by God, Monina, I mean what I say—the priest shall say grace for us, and we will partake life’s feast or fast together. I will sail with thee to thy Spain, to the Indies of the West. England shall be a forgotten

name; the White or Red Rose, neither worse nor better in our eyes, than any blooms that smell as sweet: if thou refusest this, here ends the last chance for honesty; and be the victim who it may, I care not so my fortunes thrive."

"Unworthy man!" cried Monina; "farewell! I go to England also: I to save, you to destroy. Bounteous Heaven will look on our several intentions, and shape our course accordingly. Henry will visit with poor thanks your blighted purpose, barren now of its ill fruit. Mine will be the harvest; yours the unlamented loss."

She would have passed him, but he seized her slender wrist. "We will run no race," he cried; "if we go to England, it will be together: listen to the splash of oars, it is my boat among the breakers. We enter it together; it is vain for you to resist; you are my prisoner."

Monina trembled in every joint: she felt that in very truth she was in Clifford's power. There rode her father's caravel; but he could not guess her pressing danger: he would behold her

depart, ignorant of the violence she was suffering, ignorant that she was there. No help!—no form of words was there, that might persuade the ill-minded Knight to free her: her proud spirit disdained to bend; her cheek was flushed; she strove to withdraw her hand. “Pardon me,” said Clifford; “if my fingers press too roughly; the slight pain you endure will hardly counterbalance the fierce torture your words inflicted. Be patient, my fellows are already here. Let us not act a silly mime before them; do not oblige me to demonstrate too unkindly, that you are wholly in my power.”

Hardly had he spoken the words when with a scream she sprung from him. He turned; but before even he could see the gigantic form of De Faro, a blow was struck which made him reel against the wall. It would have been instantly followed by another, but that Monina had flung herself on her father’s breast, and he, supporting her, forgot his enemy, who recovered himself, and drew his sword. He met the fierce glare of the injured parent’s eye, and shook. “We meet again, recreant!” were

the only words spoken by De Faro; and, as an elephant might snatch a youngling antelope from the pursuit of a tiger, he took his daughter in his arms, descended the steps with her, and, as Clifford stood gazing on the sea, in such bitter mood as is the fruit of baffled malice, he saw the mariner lift his daughter into the boat. It pushed from the shore; and, with long, measured strokes, it swept the waves towards the caravel, whose sails were again unfurled, while every thing bespoke the readiness and anxiety of the crew to depart.

Ere the Adalid had reached the open sea, Clifford in his vessel was but little astern. It was a race they ran. The caravel at first had the best. Night concealed them from each other's view; and, in the morning, already on the tranquil bosom of the Thames Sir Robert's vessel was sailing alone towards London. By one of those strange turns of fortune by which our purposes swim or are wrecked, De Faro, without a pilot, unacquainted with the coast, missed the channel; he grounded on a sand-bank at the river's mouth; and the tide which carried Clif-

ford so swiftly towards London, had several hours to run, before it reached a height sufficient to float the other's vessel; the situation was not without peril, and no boat even could be lowered to carry the anxious Monina to shore.

The very day (it was now the month of January), that Henry heard of Clifford's arrival in London, he removed his court from Westminster to the Tower. Already he divined that his Lord Chamberlain was to be criminated by Sir Robert; and, as Stanley possessed considerable influence in the state, he wished to make his arrest as unexpected as possible. Another motive worked upon the avaricious sovereign; seized thus, without preparation or forethought, his jewels, his rich plate, his valuable moveables, which might otherwise be secreted, now fell the indiscriminate prey of confiscation; the Tower, at once a palace and a prison, favoured this purpose. Here he received Clifford; Urswick had already conversed with the traitor Knight, and represented to him the necessity of ample confession. There was something in the priest's manner that, like iron, entered Clifford's soul;

he felt himself, too truly, to be the abject slave, the despised tool of power; there was but little need to use cajoleries or bribes with him now; he was there, to be executed as a felon or pardoned as a spy, according as his disclosures satisfied or not the callous-hearted King.

For his greater punishment, there clung to this unfortunate man a sense of what he ought to and might have been, and a burning consciousness of what he was. Hitherto he had fancied that he loved honour, and had been withheld, as by a hair, from overstepping the demarcation between the merely reprehensible and the disgraceful. The good had blamed him; the reckless wondered at his proficiency in their own bad lessons; but hitherto he had lifted his head haughtily among them, and challenged any man to accuse him of worse, than greater daring, in a career all travelled at a slower and more timid pace.

But that time was gone by. He was now tainted by leprous treachery; his hands were stained by the blood of his deceived confederates; honour disowned him for her son;

men looked askance on him as belonging to a Pariah race. He felt this; and even Monina, who had last conversed with him in the summer house of the inn at Ostend, would hardly have recognized him. He was then a bold-faced villain; his step was haughty; his manner insolent. Now his gait was shuffling, his appearance mean, his speech hesitating and confused. Urswick had known him a gay ruffler; he started back: was this Sir Robert Clifford? He was obliged to use with him the usual style of speech adopted towards men in his situation; to speak of his duty towards his liege; the propriety of delivering up the guilty to condign punishment: hackneyed phrases, which sounded cold to the unhappy man.

There was no resource. At Henry's feet, kneeling before a King who used him as a tool, but who hated him as the abettor of his rival, and despised him as the betrayer of his friend, Clifford spoke the fatal word which doomed the confiding Stanley to instant death, himself to the horrors of conscious guilt, or, what as yet was more bitter to the worldling, relentless out-

lawry from the society and speech of all, however depraved, who yet termed themselves men of honour.

Henry heard him with feigned amazement; and with grating words of insulting unbelief, demanded evidence of his chamberlain's treason: these were easily furnished, yet, such as they were, they comprised such irrefragable proof of the identity of the outcast Duke, that Henry found, that, while they confirmed him more than ever in his resolve that Stanley should suffer the severest penalty of his crime, it made it difficult to bring forward the testimonials of his guilt. This was for after consideration: Clifford was dismissed with cold thanks, with promise of pardon and reward, and an haughty command neither to obtrude himself again into the royal presence, nor to depart from London without especial leave.

Henry's first act was to command Stanley not to quit his chamber in the Tower. The next day before the hour of noon, the Bishop of Durham, Lord Oxford, Lord Surrey, Urswick, and Lord Dawbeny, met in the fallen chamber-

lain's apartment, for the purpose of examining him. A thousand opposing feelings operated upon Stanley: accustomed to pay deference to the King, even now he said nothing to displease him; and his expressions rather spoke of compassion for him who very possibly was Duke of York, than any falling off from his allegiance to the then King of England.

This monarch was tormented by no doubts, —to be actuated by no pity. Stanley's acknowledgment of the truth of the Burgundian pretender roused his bitterest feelings. In addition, he was rich booty—which weighed heavily against him; so that, when Bishop Fox remarked on the villany and extent of his treason, Henry, off his guard, exclaimed—“I am glad of it; the worse the better; none can speak of mercy now, and confiscation is assured;”—nor did he in the interval before his trial, nor after it, express one regret that the man was about to forfeit his head, who had encircled his own with the regal diadem.

Tried, condemned; but a few days remained before on the fatal block the rich, noble, prudent,

royally-connected Sir William Stanley would expiate his guilt to Henry. All wondered; many pitied; few thought of soliciting for or aiding the fallen man; yet one or two there were, whom this last blow against York filled with bitter regret. In a secluded part of London Lord Barry, who had just arrived, Frion, and Monina met. Barry came with intelligence that there had appeared in Ireland a gentleman from Scotland, commissioned by its young monarch to enquire into the truth of Richard's story; and, if indubitably he were the man he pretended, to counsel him to visit Scotland, where he would find friendship and aid. The Earl of Desmond also had just arrived in London, and Lord Barry was in his company. This downfall of Stanley called their minds from every other consideration. Monina was peculiarly agitated and thoughtful. One evening she joined them late: she was full of some project. "I can, I do believe, save our friend," she said: "the assistance I need is small—you, Master Stephen, will hasten on board the Adalid, and bid my father have all in

readiness for sailing, and to drop down the river as far as Greenwich: you, my dear Lord, must also take a part in my scheme—keep watch on the river, right opposite the Tower, during the coming night and the following: if you see a light upon the shore beneath its dark walls, come towards it with a boat; the Blessed Virgin aiding my design, it shall be freighted with disappointment to the Tudor, joy to us.”

Lord Barry and Frion promised obedience, though they would have dissuaded her from the risk; but she was devoted, enthusiastic, firm: she left them, nor did they delay to execute her commission, and both went down the river to De Faro’s caravel. Here a new surprise awaited them. The Duke of York and his friends had not been idle in the interim. Each design, as it failed, gave place to another. They were diminished in numbers, but now no traitors were among them. Their hopes were few; but, unless the present time were seized, there would be none. The false expectations Clifford had held out to them of coalition and succour in England were lost, but attachment to York was

alive in many an English bosom : the preparations of arms they had made still existed ; it was resolved therefore in early spring to descend on the English shores.

The Duke of York, deeply grieved by the ruin that visited his friends, stung to the heart by Clifford's treachery, resolved meanwhile to seek relief in action. Could not his presence do much ? Unknown in England, he might visit the Yorkists, rouse their affection, and form such an union, as, assisted afterwards by his friends and their little fleet, would contribute to ensure success. His friends did not approve of the hazard to which he exposed himself : but every thing they alleged on this score, only confirmed his purpose. " All endanger themselves—all die for me," he cried ; " shall I alone be ingloriously safe ? " The first sight therefore that presented itself to Lord Barry and Frion on the deck of the Adalid, was Prince Richard and Edmund Plantagenet.

The Duke's presence did not change the purpose of Frion's visit. De Faro got his vessel in readiness for the voyage ; and Lord Barry, as

evening closed in, prepared to take his stand—not singly: Richard insisted on sharing his watch; docile as he usually was, remonstrance had now no effect; hitherto he had given himself up to guarded safety, now he seemed in love with peril, resolved to court her at every opportunity. The risk to which Monina exposed herself, made him obstinate. He would have thought himself untrue to the laws of chivalry, a recreant knight, had he not hastened to protect her; and, more than this, for the inborn impulses of the heart are more peremptory than men's most sacred laws—he loved; and a mother draws not more instinctively her first-born to her bosom, than does the true and passionate lover feel impelled to hazard even life for the sake of her he loves, to shield her from every danger, or to share them gladly with her.

CHAPTER VI.

I do not like the Tower, of any place.

SHAKSPEARE.

AT nine o'clock in the evening, York and Lord Barry took their station on the Thames, at the appointed place. The boat was tethered to the shore; and the rising tide brought them nearer to the banks. All was dark, during the cold night of early February; to the right and left, nothing was apparent save the glimmering water, and the only sound was the rushing and rippling of the Thames, as it sped downward in its course.

“My mother greets me with a cold kiss,” said the Prince; “In truth, she has wedded mine enemy, and cast me out from my inheritance.”

A brief pause ensued—a few minutes, which were freighted with the cares and sorrows of years. Back, back young Richard threw his eye over the skeleton shapes of the dead years; and again he sought to penetrate the future. Dark as the starless sky, not one gleam of comfort presented itself to the outcast's hope. But such state of mind was unnatural to the ardent boy, and he sprung from it;

“Like to a lark at break of day, uprising
From sullen earth, to sing at heaven's gate,”

he soared from groveling despondency into recollections of the labour and love that had been expended on him. His harvest might never be the crown at which he aimed; but, better still, the ambrosial food of affection and devoted attachment, that filled him even to sweet satiety.

“A light! our beacon!” cried Lord Barry.

A small gleam appeared on the opposite bank. It moved; then returned to its former place, and was stationary. They watched it, till they became satisfied that it was the guide for which they were waiting. The early matin service

rung from several convents, and came pealing faintly across the water. It was the dead of night; and the gentlemen gladly exchanged their inert watch for the labour of contending with the tide and floating ice, which impeded their way, as they rowed across the Thames to where the light was now fixed.

The drear bank of the Tower-moat rose abruptly from the water-side, and the waves lay murky dark beneath the arch of the Traitor's Gate. The tide, which was setting in, carried them above the point where the light was, to this spot. Their beacon indeed had disappeared; and, as they waited its return, they floated idly on the river, merely giving now and then a few strokes, to keep the wherry stationary. They did not perceive that, while they thus curbed the tide, they had drifted into an eddy which carried them fast down, till, jamming them between the wall of the Tower and a near pile, their boat lurched, partly filled with water, and resisted every attempt they made to extricate it. The clouds were getting thinner before the pale waning moon; but their fancied beacon light had vanished.

Their situation was sufficiently dreary. The cold was piercing. They had difficulty in keeping themselves out of the water that lay at the bottom of the boat. Lord Barry was a soldier, accustomed to hair-breadth escapes and dangerous attempts; Richard a bold youth, who thought that his best safety depended on his own exertions. They were neither of them inclined to linger tamely in their present situation.

“Before our limbs get numbed with this biting breeze, we must use them to our own benefit; your Highness can swim?”

“So say the streams of the Vega,” replied Richard: “but the very remembrance of those sweet brooks makes me shudder at the chilly bath this ice-nourished river affords. I will reconnoitre the land, before I attempt the freezing wave.” With lithe, sinuous limbs he coiled about the pile, and continued to raise himself to where a beam rested on the upright post, and again was fixed in the turret, which spans and guards the entrance to the Tower by water. He had hardly gained this place, and he felt little cold as with nervous fingers he kept fast in the position

he had attained, when a ray of light fell upon the water, streaming from out a window of the turret. It was but for a moment, and it disappeared; but Richard's eyes had glanced keenly on the illuminated spot. The transverse beam he had attained was but little below the window; it had been grated, but two of the stancheons were broken. This to our adventurer, suspended between the unattainable sky and the icy wave, seemed a place of refuge. Carefully and slowly, he with clinging knees and hands contrived to get along the beam, to raise himself on his feet on it, and then to clutch the broken iron bar, and hoist himself into a chamber of the Tower of London.

The immediate physical dangers that beset our adventurers were so great (the least horrific of which was spending the night exposed to freezing blasts, which Barry already felt chilling his very heart's blood), that they both forgot the dangerous nature of the asylum they were seeking. The Irish noble had, as well as darkness permitted, followed the movements of his

young companion ; the same ray which guided Richard to temporary safety, had showed to Barry the mode of following him. He made the attempt ; but, though stronger, he was not so agile as his friend ; besides, the minutes which had elapsed during Richard's exertions, had enfeebled by numbing the other's powers ; he got nearly to the top of the pile—he felt his fingers slip, and that he could hold on no longer. One desperate struggle he made to cling closer ; his grasp seemed rather to relax, than tighten, in the attempt ; and Richard, after a second, heard with horror his heavy fall into the water. But Barry was more at his ease in the yielding wave ; and the very intensity of the cold, burning his skin, set his blood in motion : the tide also had arrived at its height during this interval, and had turned : without great difficulty the noble cleared, after a few strokes, the abrupt banks that fence the Tower, and landed on a quay below.

Richard heard the waters splash from under his strokes. The silence was so entire, that he thought he could distinguish the change of sound when the swimmer emerged, and plainly

heard Lord Barry's shout, in his own native Irish, of thanksgiving and good cheer. For a moment, like lightning, it flashed into his mind, the thought of the ominous refuge he had found; and he was tempted to leap into the water and to rejoin his friend. But by this time the alarm of some one having plunged into the river, had been spread by the sentinels. The court became thronged; some hastened to the wall, others loosened the boats tethered beneath the gate, and issued in them from under the dark arch, over which Duke Richard had found refuge. By the glare of many torches, they discovered the wherry wedged in, as has been described. The splash attested that some one had fallen into the water: that some one should escape from the fortress, was more readily present to their imaginations, than that any should enter. They called to each other, communicating their surmises and intentions; then one boat remained in guard close at the gate, while the other rowed down the stream. Their exertions must end in nothing, for Lord Barry had had full time to ensure his escape.

Richard attended to all their motions: several of the men in pursuit, had issued from the lower chambers of the turret in which he was: it was not thus cooped up, that he chose to be found; all seemed still; the only sounds came from the men in the boat; he descended the stairs; he came out upon the court of the Tower; the dark fortress frowned above, casting, in spite of the dull moon, a shadow dark enough to hide him. Steps were heard approaching; he turned under a dim archway; he ascended a narrow, steep staircase; the steps still followed; hurriedly he opened a door, and entered a chamber; the men, whoever they might be, were unaware of his presence; they passed the door, turned down another gallery; the very echo of their steps died away.

Did he recognize the spot where he then stood? Well!—far too well!—with a sickening feeling, an irresistible impulse to penetrate into the very heart of the horror that made his pulses faint, he gazed on the walls around. Was he then alone changed? had he sprung up into manhood, thought, experienced, suf-

fered; and had the material universe stood still the while? He saw before him a small chamber, enlightened by one deep-set window, half blocked up by projecting buttresses outside: there was the pallet-bed, the prie Dieu, the little crucifix: his infant limbs had reposed there; on that couch his brother had died.

This was the Tower! Ten years before he had escaped from its gloomy walls; and had he done this only to return again, when maturer years gave him a bitterer feeling of the ills he must endure? He had visited England, guided by the traitor-spirit of Clifford it seemed; for he had returned but to render himself a prisoner: yet at first these thoughts were hardly so painful as the memory of his childhood. The superstitious fears of the Tower, which haunted poor Edward, had made it an abode of terror for both: how often had they lain in that bed, curdling each other's young blood with frightful tales! His brother had pined, and died. Now, true to the pious usage of the times, he knelt to say a paternoster for his soul; he said another for his own perilous state; and then, having,

with entire faith committed himself to the protection of his Father in Heaven, he rose with a cheered heart and sustained courage.

What was he to do? He was in the Tower; a fortress so well guarded, that of the unhappy beings confined there for life, none had ever made their escape: high walls, numerous courts, and grated windows, opposed his egress. The clock chimed one. It were as well to remain where he was, as to go on. But it were better still to turn back: quiet would soon be restored; he might attain the same room, the same window, and leap thence into the waters below. He remembered wherefore he had come; the hazardous enterprise of Monina, and the imprisonment of Stanley. Now that he had attained this chamber, the whole Tower presented itself, as in a map, to his memory: he knew where the rooms allotted to state prisoners were situated: confident in his knowledge, his feelings underwent an entire change; instead of considering himself a prisoner in the Tower, he felt lord of its labyrinths. Darkness was his wand of office; the ignorance of all that he was there, was his guard; and his knowledge of the place, better

than the jailor's key, might aid him to liberate the victims of his enemy.

In this temper of mind he rejoiced that he had been unable to follow his first impulse in leaping from the window; and he resolved on making his way immediately to the part of the fortress inhabited by the state prisoners. Blindfold, setting out from the point where he was, he could have found his way; yet several images of barred and locked doors presented themselves to his recollection, as intervening between the spot where he then was, and that which he desired to visit. He descended again into the court—he skirted the edifice, keeping close to the shadowy wall—he saw the door but a few paces distant, which led to the prison-chambers. At dead of night it must be locked and barred, guarded by a sentinel, quite inaccessible to him. He paused—he saw no soldier near—he walked on a few steps quickly; the door was wide open—this looked like success—he sprung up the steps; a man below cried, “Who goes there?” adding, “Is it you, sir? My light is puffed out; I will bring one anon.” Above he heard

another voice—there was no retreat—he went on, relying on some chance, that might afford him a refuge under cover of mirky night from the two-fold danger that beset him. A man stood at the door-way of the nearest chamber; it was not possible to pass him—as he hesitated he heard the words, “Good rest visit your Lordship—I grieve to have disturbed you.” Richard retired a few steps—the man closed, locked the door—“A light, ho!” he exclaimed, and the Prince feared to see the servitor ascend the stairs. The moon just beginning to show its clouded rays threw a brief ray upon the landing, where Richard stood, and he moved out of the partial radiance; the slight movement he made attracted notice, which was announced by a challenge of “Who goes there? is it you, Fitzwilliam? How is this? the word, sir!”

The Duke knew that, among the numerous and various inhabitants of the Tower, many were personally unknown to each other; and that any stranger visitor was not entrusted with the word—so he replied immediately, as his best safeguard. “I was roused by the

calling of the guard. I knew not that such reveilles were usual; good night, sir."

Those pay little attention to the impression of their senses, who are not aware, that family resemblance develops itself in nothing so much as the voice; and that it is difficult in the dark to distinguish relatives. In confirmation of this I heard a sagacious observer remark, and have proved the observation true, that the formation of the jaw, and setting of the teeth is peculiar, and the same in families. But this is foreign—enough, that, caught by the voice, hardly able to distinguish the obscure outline of the speaker in the almost blackness of night—the man replied, "I crave pardon, my good Lord, you forget yourself, this way is your chamber. What, ho! a light!"

"It needs not," said the Prince; "the glare would offend mine eyes—I shall find the door."

"Permit me," said the other, going forward, "I will wait on your Lordship so far. I wonder not you were roused; there was an alarm at the river postern, and the whole guard roused. Sir John thought it might concern poor Sir William;

and I was fain to see all right with him. It irked me truly to break in on his repose; the last he may ever have."

They approached a door; the man's hand was on the lock—Richard's heart beat so loud and fast, that it seemed to him that that alone must be perceived and excite suspicion—if the door were fastened on the inside he were lost; but the man was in no hurry to try—he talked on:—

"The Lieutenant was the more suspicious, because he gave credit and easy entrance to his pretended stripling son, who craved for it even with tears: yet when they met, we all thought that the Lord Chamberlain did not greet him as a parent would a child at such a time; the truth, indeed, we saw with half an eye, be she his daughter, or his light-of-love; yet not the last, methinks, for she seemed right glad to be accommodated for the night in a separate chamber—she is a mere girl besides, and in spite of her unmeet garb, modest withal."

"When goes she? With the dawn?" Richard hazarded these questions, for his silence might

be more suspected than his speech; and the information he sought, imported to him.

“Nay, she will stay to the end for me,” said the man: “Sir William was a kind gentleman, as I can testify, in his prosperity; and it is little to let him have the comfort of this poor child’s company for a day longer: he dies on the morrow.”

“Could I see this fair one?”

“By my troth, fair she is not, though lovely to look on, but somewhat burnt, as if her mother had been a dweller in the south. If you visit and take leave of Sir Stanley to-morrow, you may chance to behold her: but I detain you, my Lord; a good night, rather, a good morning to your lordship.”

He unclosed the door; all was dark within, save that the chamber opened into another at the further end, in which evidently a lamp was burning. Kind thanks and a benison passed; Richard stepped within the apartment, and the door shut on him.

What could this mean? Glad, confused, yet still fearful, the Prince was almost deprived of

the power of motion. Recovering himself with a strong effort, he passed on to the inner chamber: it was a bed-room, tapestried, strewed thick with rushes, a silver lamp suspended by a silver chain to the grim claws of a gilt eagle, which was fixed in the ceiling, gave token of rank, as well as the rich damask of the bed-furniture and the curious carving of the couch and seats; the articles of dress also strewed about belonged to the noble born: strange, as yet Richard had not conjectured for whom he had been mistaken! He drew near the bed, and gazed fixedly on its occupier. The short, clustering, auburn curls were tinged with grey, yet the sleeper was young, though made untimely old by suffering; his cheeks were wasted and fallen in; the blue veins on his brow were conspicuous, lifting the clear skin which clung almost to the bones; he was as pale as marble, and the heavy eye-lids were partly raised even in sleep by the large blue ball that showed itself beneath; one hand lay on the coverlid, thin to emaciation. What manner of victim was this to Henry's tyranny? nay, the enigma was

easily solved: it must be the Earl of Warwick.

“And such, but for my cousin Lincoln, would have been my fate,” thought Richard. He remembered his childhood’s imprisonment; he thought of the long days and nights of confinement, the utter hopelessness, the freezing despair, blighting the budding hopes of youth, the throes of intolerable, struggling agony, which had reduced poor Warwick to this shadow of humanity; he felt a choking sensation in his throat as he bent over him; large drops gathered in his eyes; they fell, ere he was aware, on the sleeper’s wan cheek.

Warwick turned uneasily, opened his eyes, and half started up, “Whom have we here?” he cried; “why am I disturbed?”

“Your pardon, fair gentleman,” Richard began—

“My pardon!” repeated Warwick bitterly; “were that needed, you were not here. What means this intrusion—tell me, and be gone?”

“I am not what you take me for, cousin Edward,” said the Prince.

Now indeed did Warwick start : shading his eyes from the lamp he gazed earnestly on the speaker, murmuring, “ That voice, that name—it cannot be—In the name of sweet charity speak again ; tell me what this means, and if you are—why this visit, why that garb ? ”

“ My dear Lord of Warwick,” said the Prince, “ dismiss this inquietude, and if you will listen with patience to the story of an unhappy kinsman, you shall know all. I am Richard of York ; those whose blood is akin to yours as well as mine, have y’cleped me the White Rose of England.”

The Earl of Warwick had heard of the Pretender set up by his aunt, the Duchess of Burgundy ; he had often pondered over the likelihood of his really being his cousin, and the alteration it would occasion in his fortunes, if he were to succeed. Shut out from the world, as he had been so long, the victim of mere despair, he could not even imagine that good could betide to any one, save to the oppressor of his race ; to see Perkin, for so he had been taught to call him, within the walls of the ill-

fated Tower, appeared to disclose at once his defeat. Even when the Duke rapidly and briefly narrated the accidents that had brought him thither, and his strange position, Prince Edward believed only that he had been decoyed into the trap, which had closed on him for ever.

Still Richard talked on: his ardour, his confidence in his own measures, his vivacious anxiety already to put them into practice, his utter fearlessness, were not lost upon one who had been dead to outward impressions, not from want of sensibility, but from the annihilation of hope. Some of his cousin's spirit overflowed into Warwick's heart; and, in conclusion, he assented to all he said, promising to do whatever was required of him, though after ten years of lone imprisonment he almost shrunk from emerging from his listless state.

CHAPTER VII.

Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty! I've ventured for him;
And out I've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence.

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

MORNING, cold and wintry, dawned upon the gloomy chambers of the Tower. York became eager to put in execution some plan of escape in which Warwick should share; but Warwick was full of timidity and fear. His prison was a frightful den; yet all without was a wide, pathless, tiger-infested jungle. He besought his cousin to regard his own safety only. Richard refused; yet the more he meditated; the more did obstacles crowd upon him. After the lapse of an

hour, Warwick was called upon to attend early mass, as usual, in the chapel of the fortress. Here he saw Stanley and the disguised shrinking Monina; and, the service ended, attended them to the prison-chamber of the Chamberlain, relating as he went, in quick low whispers, the history of the preceding night. Both his hearers grew pale: one feared for her friend, the other for himself; though on that score all cause of dread was well nigh at an end. All three entered Stanley's cell, and found there Prince Richard himself, whose active mind had led him to watch his opportunity to pass hither unseen from Warwick's apartment.

The young Earl of March, arming for the battle of Northampton, looked not so young, so blooming, and so frankly erect, as his uncrowned son. Stanley saw at once who was before him, and, never forgetting the courtier, addressed his Prince with a subject's respect. York was struck by the placid, though somewhat worldly physiognomy of the man, devoted to die, at the age when human beings are most apt to cling to life; when, having weathered the storms and

passions of youth, they desire to repose awhile on the sun-enlightened earth, before they enter the gloomy gates of the tomb.

The Prince spoke eagerly of escape—of safety—of life: Warwick, even timid Warwick, urged an attempt at flight; while Monina kissed her aged friend's hand, and turned her sweet eyes on him, saying: "You will listen to him, though you were deaf to me."

Stanley alone was unmoved—"A thousand heartfelt, useless thanks, my dear and honoured Lord, your poor servant renders; and even when prayer for himself is most needed, earnestly he prays that harm to you arise not from your unexampled generosity. I cannot fly; I do believe that I would not, if I could: and I will spare myself the disgrace of further endangering you, and of being seized myself in the coward's act. Ask me not, with your beseeching eyes, my gentle, venturous child, for it must not be. I die to-morrow; and this fate you would have me avoid. Whither would you drag me from the block? To poverty? to an unhonoured old age? a traitor's reputation, and miserable dependance? I am a sinful man; but

I trust in God's mercy, and he holds out better hopes after the brief spasm of death, than you after the torture of difficult escape."

More he would have said, but they were interrupted; they had not been aware of any one's approach; and suddenly Sir John Digby, Lieutenant of the Tower, entered. He was aghast to see one more than he expected, one whose demeanour spoke nobility. Silence followed his entrance, nor did words readily present themselves to the blunt soldier; at length, addressing the cause of this wonder, he in an ironical tone of voice asked—"May I, Lieutenant of this Fortress, delegated by his Majesty to its keeping, be permitted to ask, fair sir, the name, station, and designs, of my unbidden guest?"

"My answer to your two first questions," replied York, "would little satisfy you; my design was to facilitate the escape of this virtuous and unhappy gentleman."

"The King is infinitely your debtor, and I shall prove unmannered in marring your intent."

"You do not mar it, Sir John," said the

Prince; "my Lord Chamberlain is a true man, and would rather lay his head on the block at his liege's bidding, than carry it in security at the prayer of any other. Sir William has refused to fly; and, my mission ended, I was about to take my leave."

"Do so, young man; take leave—an eternal one—of Sir William, and follow me. My Lord of Warwick, this is an unmeet scene for you to be present at. This holy man comes to bestow the last words of pious comfort my noble prisoner can receive in this world: please your Lordship to leave them together uninterrupted. I am sorry," continued the Lieutenant, addressing Monina, "to retract the permission I gave you yesterday; but this strange incident must be my excuse: say a last farewell to him you have named your father."

Monina dreaded too much the fate that might befall her friend, to entreat for any change in this decree. Soon poor Sir William found himself separated from the busy scene of life, shut up with the chaplain. He was bid to remember and repent, and to prepare to die.

A dark veil fell before the vista of coming years, which was apparent to the eyes of his late companions. He saw in the present hour—one only, almost superfluous, added to the closing account. They beheld in it the arbiter of their undivined destinies.

It is an awful emotion, when we feel that the “very shoal of time” on which we stand, is freighted with the good and ill of futurity—that the instant birth of the hour inherits our entire fortunes. Yet Richard was proof against this rough testimony of our powerless mortality. The ill had not yet arrived, with which he did not believe he could cope; and more—now he was bent upon endeavouring to save Stanley; for his own fate, though about to expose it to the most unquestioned shape of peril, he had no fears.

Sir John Digby, followed by his new prisoners, paced back to his own chamber, and then addressed his uninvited guest. “Fair gentleman,” he said, “again I crave to be informed of your name and degree, that his Majesty may be duly made acquainted on whom to bestow his thanks. Your speech and appearance are English?”

“Whoever I may be,” replied York, “I will reveal nothing except to your King. If he is willing to listen to disclosures nearly touching his throne and safety, I will rouse him by a tale to shake sleep from one who has steeped his eyes in poppy juice. To no other will I vouchsafe a word.”

Monina listened in terror. She would have given her life to beseech her friend to retract that foolish word, but it was too late; while his questioner, startled by his unforeseen reply, said “You make a bold demand; think you that his Grace is of such common use, that it is an easy matter to attain his presence?”

“I have said it, Sir John,” answered York; “your liege may hereafter visit with poor thanks the denial you give me.”

The Lieutenant fixed his eyes on him; his youth and dignity impressed him favourably; but he hesitated, confused by doubts of who and what he might be. At last he said, “His Majesty is at present at his palace of Shene, ten miles hence.

“The less reason, Sir Lieutenant,” replied

Richard, "that you should dally in the execution of your duty. The life of your prisoner, the fortunes of your King, depend upon this interview."

This was a riddle difficult for Sir John to solve; and he was about to order his enigmatical visitant to the guard-room, while he should consult upon the fitting conduct to pursue; when a beating at the gates, the letting down of the draw-bridge, and the clatter of hoofs announced fresh arrivals at the fortress.

The attention of every one was suspended, till, the usher announcing the excellent Prince, the Earl of Desmond, that noble, attended by followers, almost with regal pomp, entered. He cast his penetrating glance around, and then unbonneting to the Duke, he said respectfully, "Your Highness will believe that as soon as I heard of the position into which, pardon me, your generous rashness has betrayed you, I hastened hither to vouch for you, and deliver you from it."

To such a speech, so unexpected, so portentous, what answer? Richard felt inclined to

laugh, as he heard himself spoken to, in terms which seemed to say that the discovery of who he really was, would occasion his release; but he quickly discerned a hidden meaning beneath this incomprehensible language, and he contented himself with graciously thanking the Earl for his interference, while this noble turned to address the wondering Sir John.

“Sir Lieutenant,” said he, “I have a strange story to tell, fitter for his Majesty’s ears than those of a subject; but his Grace is absent, and it were not well that this noble gentleman should be kept in durance while messengers go to and fro. Rather dismiss your followers, and I will confide a weighty secret to you, and bring such arguments as will induce you to entrust the high-born youth to my care and escort.”

Digby was not much of a statesman; he had a simple heart, and considerable veneration for rank. He knew that the Earl of Desmond had been well received at court, and complied with his desire. The noble then began a long expla-

nation of parties and tumults in Scotland ; of the frightful death of James the Third ; the accession of James the Fourth ; the discontent of several chief nobles, who wished to set up the younger brother of the new king in opposition to him. " Your Highness," continued Desmond, addressing Richard, " will pardon me for thus introducing your name—this, Sir Lieutenant, is the Duke of Rosse, who has come, and not vainly, to seek the assistance of our liege."

Sir John bowed low and looked puzzled, while Desmond continued to speak of disguise and secresy, of friendship for Stanley, and of the rash design of Lord Barry of Buttevant and the young Duke to liberate him, chiefly under the idea that thus they should best serve King Henry, who must in his heart be loth to have his zealous friend put to death through the falsehood of faction. " And now, gentle Sir," he continued, " be guided by me ; the King loves peace ; he loves state privacy ; the very presence of the Duke in this country is a mystery ; you will do agreeable service by hushing up this youthful frolic. Permit his

Highness to accompany me; I will make fitting report to his Majesty, who will be grateful withal."

There was a kind of confused tallying in the story; for Richard's mysterious words were at no discord with Desmond's explanations; and his excessively youthful and perfectly noble appearance were further corroboration. Digby liked not the responsibility of keeping him: he spoke of sending for the Bishop of Durham. Desmond exclaimed, "A soldier have recourse to a priest—this England is a strange country! Do as you will; only until the thumber of missals arrive, this is no place of entertainment for the Prince. We will receive you and your clericus at Walbrook; and I will entertain the royal gentleman till you come."

Digby still looked blank and uncertain. Richard, who had remained silent, now spoke: "Farewell, good Sir; in truth, I need your excuse for my impertinent visit; but here it ends. When I travel to Scotland, I will report the favour I met at your hands."

This sufficed. Sir John sullenly yielded: with

a mixture of fear and deference, he attended his visitors to the court; they crossed the draw-bridge; and ere the Tower-gates closed behind them, they heard the lieutenant order out a guard and his own horse, that without loss of time he might communicate with the Bishop.

The Duke and his preserver rode gently enough down Tower Hill: scarce had they reached the foot, before the Earl gave a sudden command to his followers, who turned one way, as he, York, and Monina, who had left the Tower at the same time, and was mounted on one of Desmond's attendants' horses, went another. "*Au galoppe*, dear, my lord!" cried the Earl, "we have but a short hour's grace — this way — still the river to our left."

They galloped along with loosened reins. Arriving at the vale of Holborn, they followed the upward course of the Fleet, so to reach the open country; and many a wild field they crossed, and briary lane they threaded — the country was flat, marshy, wild; skirted in various directions by brown wintry woods, rarely interspersed by hamlets. The river was their

only guide; they followed its course for several miles, till they reached the shelter of Caen Wood. "Thank St. Patrick for this cover!" cried the Irish chieftain; "may my cousin Barry find no let nor hindrance—yon troubled stream will guide him well. We have done a daring deed: for me, I have not ridden so far since my father, God sain him! died—I am well nigh *hors de combat*."

The Prince assisted both his companions to dismount. Lord Desmond's tale was soon told, of how Lord Barry had sought him and suggested this mode of effecting York's escape. "With the help of your Moorish friend," said the Earl, "no ill wind betide me—I shall be in Munster before the riddle be half told; that is, if ever we reach the vessel. By my faith! I would rather be knee-deep in a bog in Thomond, than dry shod where I am!"

As day advanced, the situation of the fugitives became still more disquieting. All was tranquil in the leafless wood; but, in spite of the sun, it was very cold. Besides, they were in an unknown spot, without guide; their sole hope

being, that each passing minute would bring Lord Barry to their assistance. Earl Maurice was thoroughly disabled; he grumbled at first, and at last wearied out, lay on the cold ground, and fell into a slumber. Monina, serious, timid, and yet in spite of herself happy in her friend's safety, and in her own being near him, was silent; while Richard, to escape from his own thoughts, talked to her. When, for a moment, his conversation languished, his eyes were fondly fixed upon her downcast face, and a strife of sentiment, of ardent long-restrained love, and a torturous, but severe resolve to protect her even from himself, battled in his heart; so that, in all-engrossing love, every sense of danger was lost.

Desmond at last roused himself: "The shadows grow long; herbage there is little for our horses, pasture for ourselves there is none—if we stay we starve; if we stir, we—"

He was interrupted; strange voices came upon the wind; then the crackling of boughs, and the sound of steps. Through the vista of bare trees the intruders at length appeared, in

strange array. There was a band of ill-attired, ruffian-looking men, followed by women and children; their swart visages, their picturesque, but scant and ragged garb, their black hair and dark flashing eyes were not English. Some were on foot, some on asses, some in a cart, drawn by two rough ill-assorted colts—their very language was foreign. Richard and Monina recognised a horde of Gitani, Bohemians, or Gypsies; while Desmond looked in wonder on something almost wilder than the Irish kern.

The savage wanderers were surprised to perceive the previous guests the barren woods had received—they paused and looked around in some fear; for the noble appearance of the gentlemen made them imagine that they must be accompanied by numerous attendants. York's quick wit suggested to him in a moment of what good use such humble friends might be. He addressed them; told them that they were travellers who had lost their way, "And so we have encroached on your rightful domain; but, like courteous hosts, I beseech you, gentlemen, welcome us to your

green-wood palace, and make happy, as you will grateful, guests of us."

Thus invited, the whole horde gathered round—the women, fancying all three of an opposite sex, were forward with their prophetic art.

"My fortune," cried Desmond, "shall not be told before supper; it is an ill one, by the rood! at this hour. I have fasted since yesternight."

Preparations were speedily made for a repast, while Richard, alive to his situation, looked around for the most fitting object to address; whose charity and aid he could hope to solicit with the greatest success. One laughing-eyed girl glanced at him with peculiar favour; but near her stood and scowled a tall handsome countryman of her own. York turned to another, fairer, who sat retired apart; she looked more gentle and even refined than the rest. He addressed her in courtly phrase, and her reply, though ready, was modest. The acquaintance was a little in progress, when one of the oldest among the sibyls, with white hair, and a face of wrinkled parchment, hobbled up,

muttering; "Aye, aye, the fairest flower is aye the dearest to pluck; any of those gaudy weeds might serve his turn; but no, my young master must needs handle the daintiest bloom of the garden." Notwithstanding this interruption, Richard still stood his ground, bandying pretty speeches with one, not the less pleased, because, strictly guarded by her duenna, she was unaccustomed to the language of flattery.

"Hast never a word for me, fair sir," said the crone, at last; "no comparison of star and gems for one, who in her day has flaunted with silk-clad dames—whose lips have been pressed even by a king?"

His father's reputation for gallantry, thus alluded to, brought the blood into York's cheeks; forgetful of what import his words bore, he replied hastily, "Sleep King Edward's faults with him, mother; it is neither wise nor well to speak irreverently of those gone to their doom—may God assoilzie him!"

"What voice is that?" cried the old woman; "if I boast, Heaven forgive me, of his Grace's slight favour, your mother may take shame—"

“Your words are naught,” cried York, interrupting her, “my mother’s is a sacred name—yet, tell me in very truth, and give me some sign that indeed you knew my father.”

The word passed his lips before he was aware, but being spoken, he felt that it were best not to recede. Seizing the old woman’s shrivelled hand, he said, “Look—use thy art—read my palm: read rather my features, and learn indeed who I am: I am in danger; you may betray, or you may save me, choose which you will—I am the Duke of York.”

An exclamation checked, a look of boundless surprise, changed into a cautious glance around, attested the Gypsy’s wish to serve the venturous youth. “Rash boy,” she answered, in a low voice, “what idle, or what mortal words are these! How art thou here? With what hope? What aid?”

“Frankly, none but what I derive from your bounty. I have escaped worse peril, so do not fear but that God will protect me; and even turn to profit my parent’s sin, if his kiss purchase his son’s life.”

“Young sir,” said the Gypsy, with great seriousness, “the flower of love is gay—its fruit too often bitter. So does she know on whose account I wickedly and shamelessly did the Foul Fiend’s bidding, and ruined a sinless soul to gratify the pleasure-loving king. But thou hast paid the penalty: thou and thine, who have been called by the ill-word; thrust from thy place by thy crook-back uncle; and now art nearer a dungeon than a throne, through thy father’s fault. I will serve and save thee; tell me quickly, who are thy companions—whither thou wouldst go? that I may judge the best to be done.”

It is to be observed, that at the very beginning of this colloquy, the young girl, whom York had first addressed, had stolen away. Now he replied by mentioning the lameness of his elder friend, and his resolve not to be divided from the other. He spoke of the Adalid, and of his further wish to be awhile concealed in England. The old woman continued silent, wrapt in thought. At length she raised her head—“It can be done, and it shall,” she said, half to her-

self, "Come now, they are serving our homely fare. You, who are young, and ill apt for penance, must eat before you go."

The savoury steams of the well-filled and rustic *marmite*, gave force to her words, and to Richard's appetite. The repast was plentiful and gay, and even too long. Evening was far advanced, the fire grew light in the dusk, and threw its fitful rays upon the strange and incongruous feasters. Monina had cowered close to Richard; the cup went round; scarcely did she put it to her lips; a rude companion of the crew made some rough jest on her sobriety. Richard's face lighted up with anger: his watchful old friend stepped forward, in her own jargon she made some communication to her associates, which caused a universal pause, and then a stir: it was evident some movement was intended. She meanwhile drew the three fugitives aside. "In a few minutes," she said, "we shall all be on our way hence; listen how I would provide for your safeties." She then proposed that Desmond should assume the disguise of one of the horde, and so be conveyed in safety to the

banks of the Thames, and on board the Adalid. She promised herself to conduct the Prince and his young friend to a secure refuge. The Earl, accustomed to find fidelity and rags near mates, readily acceded to this proposal. In the solitary unknown spot to which chance had directed them, environed by every danger, no step was more perilous than the remaining where they were. York and Monina were familiar with the reports of the gypsy character—its savage honour and untractable constancy. The season was such, though the day had been unusually sunny and warm, as to make a night in the open air no agreeable anticipation; and Richard had a thousand fears on his lovely friend's account. They all readily acceded to the old woman's plan. Desmond was quickly disguised, his visage stained deep brown, his whole person transformed; he was placed in the caravan, and the horde was speedily in movement; the sound of their departing steps died away. They had left a rude cart, to which York's horse, a strong hack, was harnessed. The sibyl undertook to guide it. Richard and Monina ascended the jumbling

fabric. Soon they were on their journey, none but their conductress knew in what direction; but they submitted to her, and through copse and over field they wound their darkling way.

CHAPTER VIII.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

BALLAD OF JANE SHORE.

Oh, it grieves my soul
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker!

SHAKSPEARE.

SEATED in the rude gypsy-cart, guided, protected, by the uncouth being into whose hands he had so strangely fallen, Richard for the first time felt the degradation and low fortune to which his aspirations, at variance with his means, made him liable. With a strong

effort he dismissed these painful ideas, and fixed his contemplation on mightier objects, which gilded his mean estate; or were rather the "gold o'erdusted" by such extraneous poverty. To rise from this lowliness to a throne were an emprise worthy his ambition. Was he not a few hours ago a prisoner in the terror-striking Tower? And now he was free—free in his England; which, when the battle-day was come and past, would claim him for her own. A few words from Monina interrupted the silence: she sat at his feet, and they conversed in whispers in Spanish. Night had gathered round them; Monina, in all the innocence of her pure heart, was supremely happy: to be near her friend in his disasters, united to him in his peril, was a more rapturous destiny to her than the world's best pomp, and he absent. No busy conscience, no untoward thought, disturbed in her soul the calm of perfect bliss. She grew weary at last; her head sunk on Richard's knee, and, overworn with watching, she fell into a deep sleep. Richard heard her regular breathing; once or twice his fingers played among her

dishevelled ringlets, while his heart whispered to him what a wondrous creation woman was—weak, frail, complaining when she suffers for herself; heroic fortitude and untired self-devotion are hers, when she sacrifices herself for him she loves.

The cart moved on, Richard saw not whither; they almost stuck in some flat low fields, and at last arrived at a solitary, miserable hut. Monina awoke, when they stopt, and the gypsy told them that this wretched dwelling was to be their asylum: the apartment they entered was poor beyond meanness—a bed of straw piled in one corner, a rude bench, formed the furniture; the walls were ragged and weather-stained, and the outer crumbling rafters were visible through the broken ceiling: there appeared to be neither food nor fire. The inhabitant of the hovel alone was there, a white-looking, emaciated female; yet with a look of such sweetness and patience, that she seemed the very enshrinement of Christian resignation, the type of sorrow and suffering, married to meek obedience to the supreme will. She had roused herself from slumber at the voice of the

gypsy, and gathered her scant garments around her—scant and poor they were; her coarse woollen dress was tied by a girdle of rope round her slender waist; her head was wrapt in a kerchief; her feet were bare.

“Jane,” said the old woman, “you will not refuse the shelter of your roof to these poor wanderers?”

Such an address seemed strange, for the rich attire of her guests ill-accorded with her poverty-stricken home; but she turned with a smile—she spoke—and then a throb of agony seemed to convulse her frame—her head swam; Richard rushed forward to prevent her falling, but she shrunk from him, and leaned on the old woman, who said with a look of triumph, “I knew how it would be; it is vain to hide a bright light behind a veil of gauze! Yes, Jane, this is his son; and you may save him from danger and death.”

Jane Shore, the once lovely mistress of King Edward, now the miserable outcast of the world’s scorn, heard these words, as if they had been spoken to her in a dream. After the death of

her royal lover, she had obeyed the impulse that made her cling to the soft luxuries of life, and yielded to solicitations which tended to guard her from the sharp visitation of the world. She had become the mistress of the Marquess of Dorset; but sorrow and penury were destined to pursue her in their worst shape—and wherefore? She had been good and humane; and in spite of her error, even the sternest moralist might have pitied her. But she was all woman, fearful of repulse, dreading insult; more willing to lie down and die, than, fallen and miserable, to solicit uncertain relief: squalid poverty, famine, and lonely suffering, were hers; yet in all she preserved an unalterable sweetness of disposition, which painted her wan face with its own soft colouring.

The old woman went forth to seek for food, and the two friends were left for several hours alone with Jane. She gazed affectionately on the youthful Duke; she looked more timidly on Monina, whose sex could not be said to be disguised by her page's dress: the fallen woman fears women, their self-sufficient virtues and

cold reprobation; yet the sensibility of Morina's countenance, and the soft expression of her eyes, so all-powerful in their sweetness, could not be mistaken; and her first shrinking from censure was exchanged for even a more painful feeling. They were a lovely pair, these lone guests of poverty; innocence sat on the brow of each, yet love beamed in their aspect:—love! the two-edged sword, the flower-strewn poison, the dread cause of every misery! More than famine and sickness Jane feared love; for with it in her mind were linked shame and guilt, and the world's unkindness, hard to bear to one, whose heart was “open as day to melting charity;” and she feared that she saw in this sweet girl a bright reflex of her early days. Oh, might the blotted mirror ne'er pourtray a change like hers! “I am a living lesson of the woes of love,” thought poor Jane; “may this chance-visit to my hut, which saves young Richard's life, ensure her innocence!” Thus impelled, she spoke: she spoke of the danger of their solitary companionship; she adjured York to fly the delusive charm—for love's own sake he ought to fly; for

if he made her his victim, affection would be married to hate—joy to woe—her he prized to a skeleton, more grim than death. Richard strove to interrupt her, but she misunderstood his meaning; while Monina, somewhat bewildered, fancied that she only alluded to the dangers she incurred in his cause; and with her own beaming look cried, “Oh, Mother, is it not better to suffer for one so noble, than to live in the cold security of prosperity?”

“No, no,” said Jane, “Oh, does my miserable fate cry aloud, no! Edward, his father, was bright as he. Libertine he was called—I know not if truly; but sincere was the affection he bore to me. He never changed nor faltered in the faith he promised, when he led me from the dull abode of connubial strife, to the bright home of love. Riches and the world’s pleasures were the least of his gifts, for he gave me himself and happiness. Behold me now: twelve long years have passed, and I waste and decay; the wedded wife of shame; famine, sorrow, and remorse, my sole companions.”

This language was too plain. The blood

rushed into Monina's face. "Oh, love him not," continued the hapless penitent; "fly his love, because he is beautiful, good, noble, worthy—fly from him, and thus preserve him yours for ever."

Monina quickly recovered herself; she interrupted her imprudent monitress, and calmly assured her that her admonition, though unnecessary, should not prove vain; and then both she and York exerted themselves to engage Jane's attention on topics relative to his cause, his hopes, his partizans, thus exciting her curiosity and interest.

Richard passed the whole of the following day in this abode of penury and desolation. That day, indeed, was big with dire event. The morning rose upon Stanley's death. In Jane's hut the hollow bell was heard that tolled the fatal hour. The ear is sometimes the parent of a livelier sense than any other of the soul's apprehensive portals. In Italy, for three days in Passion Week, the sound of every bell and of every clock is suspended. On the noon of the day when the mystery of the Resurrection is solemnized, they

all burst forth in one glad peal. Every Catholic kneels in prayer, and even the unimaginative Protestant feels the influence of a religion, which speaks so audibly. And, in this more sombre land, the sad bell that tolls for death, strikes more melancholy to the heart, than the plumed hearse, or any other pageantry of woe. In silence and fear the fugitives heard the funereal knell sweep across the desolate fields, telling them that at that moment Stanley died.

Women nurse grief—dwell with it. Like poor Constance, they dress their past joys in mourning raiment, and so abide with them. But the masculine spirit struggles with suffering. How gladly, that very evening, did the Duke hail Frion's arrival, who, in the garb of a saintly pardoner, came to lead him from Jane's dim abode. In spite of his remonstrances, Monina refused to accompany him : she should endanger him, she said ; besides that, his occupation would be to rouse a martial spirit among the Yorkists—hers to seek the Adalid and her dear father's protection.

Frion procured a safe asylum for the Prince ;

and here, no longer pressed by the sense of immediate danger, his head was rife with projects, his spirit burning to show himself first to the Yorkists, in a manner worthy of his pretensions. The choice was hazardous and difficult: but it so happened, that it was notified that in a few weeks Lord Surrey's eldest sister was to marry the Lord de Walden, and the ceremony was to be graced with much feasting and a solemn tournament.

There was magic in all the associations with this family for Richard. In his early infancy, Thomas Mowbray, the last of the Dukes of Norfolk of that name, died. It almost was beyond his recollection, that he had been married to the little Lady Anne, the Duke's only child and heiress. She died soon after; and the representative of the female branch of the Mowbrays, John Howard, was created Duke of Norfolk by Richard the Third. He fell at Bosworth; and his son, the Earl of Surrey, though attaching himself to Henry the Seventh, and pardoned and taken into favour, was not permitted to assume his father's attainted title.

At this marriage feast the mother of his Anne, the dowager Duchess of Norfolk, daughter of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, so famous in the French wars, would be present; and others of the Howard and Berkeley families, all Yorkist once. The Prince could not resist the temptation of appearing on the lists that day, where, if success crowned him, as surely it would, he could with prouder hopes call on Surrey to maintain his claims. Frion got gallant armour for him, and contrived to have him, under another name, inserted in the list of combatants.

York's bosom swelled with pride and exultation, when he saw himself among his countrymen—his subjects—with lance in rest and bright shield upon his arm, about to tilt with England's noblest cavaliers. It seemed to him, as if he had never asked more of fortune—and the herald's voice, the clarion's sound, the neigh of steeds, the gallant bearing of the knights, and charmed circle of joyous beauty around, were like a voice from beyond life, speaking of a Paradise he had left,—his own native home. But one emotion of disquiet crossed him: as about to pass the

barrier; Frion put his hand on his rein, and whispered, "Beware of Clifford!" The Duke threw his eyes round the vizored throng. With what gladness would he have singled him out, and met him in fierce, mortal combat! A second thought told him that the dishonoured man could not find place in this gallant company.

We will not dwell on the tilt, the thrust, and the parry, the overthrowing of horses, and defeat of knights. Richard gloried in the recollection of his Spanish combats, and the love he bore for martial exercises, which made him, so boyish in figure, emulate the strong acts of men. Fortune had varied; but, when at noon the pastime of that day ended, the Prince remained victor in the field. From the hand of the Queen of the Feast he was receiving his reward, when Surrey, who had led him to her throne, was suddenly called away. The assembly broke up; and Richard was half occupied by polite attention to the Countess, and half by recollecting his peculiar situation, when the Marshall of the Lists whispered him to follow—he led him to a gallery, where Surrey alone was pacing

backwards and forwards in great agitation. He stopped when the Prince entered—motioned the Marshall to leave them, and then in a voice of suppressed passion, said, “I will not ask thee why with a false appellation thou hast insulted the feast of nobles?—but well may I ask, what fiend possessed thee to do a deed that affixes the taint of disloyalty to King Henry’s liege subject?”

“My good sword, my Lord,” said Richard, colouring, “were eloquent to answer your questioning, but that you are much deceived; I am not indeed that which I called myself; but honour, not disgrace, attaches itself to my presence. I came to tell you this, to rouse the old fidelity of the Howards; to bid Lord Surrey arm for the last of the true Plantagenets.”

“Saint Thomas speed me! Clifford then spoke true—thou art Perkin Warbeck?”

“I would fain,” said the Duke haughtily, “ask a revered lady, who claims kindred with thee, what name she would give to her sainted daughter’s affianced husband?”

The language of truth is too clear, too com-

plete, for the blots and flaws of incredulity; the very anger Lord Surrey had manifested, now turned to his confusion; the insult he had offered demanded reparation; he could not refuse his visitant's earnest demand to be led to the widow of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Elizabeth, daughter of the gallant Talbot, was proud of her ancestry, and disappointed in the diminution of her house. When her Anne was affianced to the little Duke of York, and the nobility of Norfolk was merged in the royal style of England, she had gloried; since then, attainder and defeat had eclipsed the ducal honours of her race; nor could she forgive the allegiance of its heirs to Lancaster. Often had she pondered on the reports concerning Margaret of Burgundy's White Rose; it was with agitation therefore that she heard that he was to be brought for her to decide on his truth.

The Duke had doffed his helm: his golden hair clustered on the almost infantine candour of his brow, and shaded to softer meaning the frank aspect of his clear blue eyes. The aged

Duchess fixed her dimmed but steady gaze upon him, and at once became aware that this was no ignoble pretender who stood before her. His dignity inspired Surrey with respect: he hesitated as he introduced the subject of his identity with Edward the Fourth's youngest son. The Duke, with a half smile, began to speak of his boyish recollections, and his little pretty play-fellow, and of one Mistress Margery, her *gouvernante*; he spoke of a quarrel with his infant bride on the very wedding-day, and how nothing would bribe him to the ceremony, save the gift of a pretty foal, White Surrey, which afterwards bore his uncle Gloucester in the battle of Bosworth. As he spoke he saw a smile mantle over the aged lady's countenance; and then he alluded to his poor wife's death, and reminded the Duchess, that when clad in black, an infant widower, he had visited her in condolence; and how the sad lady had taken a jewel-encircled portrait of her lost child, garnished with the blended arms of Plantagenet and Mowbray, from his neck, promising to

restore it on an after day, which day had never come. Tears now rushed into the Duchess's eyes; she drew the miniature from her bosom, and neither she nor Lord Surrey could longer doubt, that the affianced husband of the noble Anne stood before them.

Much confusion painted the Earl's countenance. The Duke of York's first involuntary act had been to stretch out his hand; but the noble hesitated ere he could bestow on it the kiss of allegiance. Richard marked his reluctance, and spoke with gallant frankness: "I am an outcast," he said, "the victim of lukewarm faith and ill-nurtured treason: I am weak, my adversary strong. My lord, I will ask nothing of you: I will not fancy that you would revive the ancient bond of union between York and Norfolk; and yet, were it not a worthy act to pull down a base-minded usurper, and seat upon his father's throne an injured Prince?"

The Duchess answered for him. "Oh, surely, my noble cousin will be no recreant in this

cause, the cause of our own so exalted lineage.”

But Lord Surrey had different thoughts: it cost him much to express them; for he had loved the House of York, and honoured and pitied its apparent offspring. At length he overcame his feelings, and said, “And, if I do not this, if I do not assist to replant a standard whose staff was broken on the graves of our slaughtered fathers, will your Highness yet bear with me, while I say a few words in my defence?”

“It needs not, gallant Surrey,” interrupted York.

“Under favour, it does need,” replied the Earl; “and withal touches mine honour nearly, that it stand clear in this question. My lord, the Roses contended in a long and sanguinary war, and many thousand of our countrymen fell in the sad conflict. The executioner’s axe accomplished what the murderous sword spared, and poor England became a wide, wide grave. The green-wood glade; the cultivated fields, noble castles, and smiling villages were changed

to churchyard and tomb: want, famine and hate ravaged the fated land. My lord, I love not Tudor, but I love my country: and now that I see plenty and peace reign over this fair isle, even though Lancaster be their unworthy vicegerent, shall I cast forth these friends of man, to bring back the deadly horrors of unholy civil war? By the God that made me, I cannot! I have a dear wife and lovely children, sisters, friends, and all the sacred ties of humanity, that cling round my heart, and feed it with delight; these I might sacrifice at the call of honour, but the misery I must then endure I will not inflict on others; I will not people my country with widows and orphans; nor spread the plague of death from the eastern to the western sea."

Surrey spoke eloquently well; for his heart was upon his lips. Prince Richard heard with burning emotion. "By my fay!" he cried, "thou wouldst teach me to turn spinster, my lord: but oh, cousin Howard! did you know what it is to be an exiled man, de-

pendant on the bounty of others; though your patrimony were but a shepherd's hut on a wild nameless common, you would think it well done to waste life to dispossess the usurper of your right."

CHAPTER IX.

Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day.
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Duke of York was not of a temperament to sink supinely before the first obstacles. Lord Surrey's deep-felt abjuration of war influenced him to sadness, but the usual habit of his mind returned. He had been educated to believe that his honour called on him to maintain his claims. Honour, always a magic word with the good and brave, was then a part of the religion of every pious heart. He had been nurst in war—the javelin and the sword were as familiar to his

hand as the distaff and spindle to the old Tuscan crone. In addition, the present occasion called for activity. The fleet, armed for invasion, prepared by his noble aunt—manned by his exiled zealous friends—would soon appear on the English coast, giving form and force to, while it necessitated, his purposed attempt.

He possessed in his secretary Frion, a counselor, friend, and servant, admirably calculated to prevent all wavering. This man's vanity, lion-strong, was alive to ensure his new master's success, and to overthrow him by whom he had been discarded. He was an adept in intrigue; an oily flatterer; a man of unwearied activity, both of mind and body. It was his care to prevent York from suffering any of the humiliations incident to his position. He obtained supplies of money for him—he suffered none to approach who were not already full of zeal—when he met with any failure, he proved logically that it was a success, and magnified an escape into a victory—he worked day and night to ensure that nothing came near the Prince, except through his medium, which was one sugared

and drugged to please. When he saw Richard's clear spirit clouded by Lord Surrey, he demonstrated that England could not suffer through him; for that in the battle it was a struggle between partizans ready to lay down their lives in their respective causes, so that for their own sakes and pleasure, he ought to call on them to make the sacrifice. As to the ruin and misery of the land—he bade him mark the exactions of Henry; the penury of the peasant, drained to his last stiver—this was real wretchedness; devastating the country, and leaving it barren, as if sown with salt. Fertility and plenty would speedily efface the light wound he must inflict—nay, England would be restored to youth, and laugh through all her shores and plains, when grasping Tudor was exchanged for the munificent Plantagenet.

In one circumstance Friar had been peculiarly fortunate. The part he had played of astrologer during the foregoing summer, had brought him acquainted with a young nobleman zealous in the cause of York, and well able to afford it assistance. Lord Audley was of the west

country, but his maternal relations were Kentish, and he possessed a mansion and a small estate not far from Hythe in Kent. Lord Audley was of a class of men common all over the world. He had inherited his title and fortune early in life, and was still a very young man. He loved action, and desired distinction, and was disposed to enter readily into all the turmoil and risk of conspiracy and revolt. His aim was to become a leader: he was vain, but generous; zealous, but deficient in judgment. He was a Yorkist by birth and a soldier by profession—all combined to render him, heart and soul, the friend of the wandering Plantagenet.

Frion led York to the mansion of this noble, and it became the focus of the spirit of sedition and discontent to the country round. The immediate presence of the Duke was concealed; but the activity of his friends was not the less great to collect a band of partizans, to which, when prepared and disciplined, they might present their royal leader. Their chief purpose was to collect such a body of men as might give

one impetus to the county, when the invading fleet should arrive on these coasts from Burgundy. Time was wanting for the complete organization of their plan; for each day they expected the vessels, and their operations in consequence were a little abrupt. Still they were in hopes that they should be enabled to assemble an armed force sufficient to facilitate the landing and to ensure the success of the expected troops. Day and night these men were occupied in gathering together followers. It was not long, however, before the wily secretary discovered that some one was at work to counteract their schemes. Those he had left transported with zeal for the cause yesterday, to-day he found lukewarm or icy cold. Their enemy, whoever it might be, observed great mystery in his proceedings; yet he appeared to have intuitive knowledge of theirs. Frion exerted himself to discover the secret cause of all the mischief—he was liberal of promises and bribes. One day he had appointed a rendezvous for a party of recruits, about a hundred men, who had been exercised for the

last fortnight, and promised well—none arrived at the appointed spot. Frion rode sorrowfully through the dusk of the evening towards Lord Audley's dwelling. He was overtaken by a horseman, with a slouched hat, and otherwise muffled up: he rode at his side for a little way, quite mute to all Frion's courteous salutations; and then he suddenly put spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment. Night grew darker; and at the mirk-embowered entrance of a shady lane, Frion was startled by the tramp of a horse—it was the same man:—"Maitre Frion!" he cried.

"Sir Robert Clifford!"

"The same—I knew not that my voice was so treacherous," Clifford began: he went on abruptly to declare that he was the counterminer; he, the secret marplot of the sagacious Frenchman's schemes. He displayed in all that he said a perfect knowledge of every transaction, and of the Prince's present residence. By'r lady's grace, he might have brought King Henry's archers to Lord Audley's very door! Wherefore he had not done this seemed strange; his

own account perplexed. In truth, this wretched man, at war with guilt and with himself, loathed the dishonour he had acquired. Like all evil-disposed persons, he had no idea of purging himself from the foul stain by frank confession and reformation: his project was to begin a new career in a new country: to go where his own tarnished reputation was unknown, where the cankerous name of York would poison no more his native language by its perpetual recurrence. His violent passions led him also to other conclusions; he hated Richard, and loved Monina; his desire to satisfy both these sentiments suggested a project on which he now acted, and which dictated his discourse with Frion. He showed how from that very spot he might ride to London, and make disclosures to the King; his knowledge of every detail of the Yorkist plans was startling and ruinous;—his offer was simply this:—That the Duchess of Burgundy should pay him a thousand golden crowns; that the Spanish maiden, Monina, should consent to wed him; and that they should seek together the

golden isles of the western ocean, leaving the Old World for York to ruffle in.

Frion desired time : it was necessary to consult Richard, and also Monina ; where should they meet again ? Clifford would appoint neither time nor place :—"I shall find you," he said : "I may draw your curtain at dead of night ; come on you with an armed band of men, whom you think all your own. I will choose my own hour, my own audience-chamber. You have but to get the damsel's consent, and to tell her, an' you list, that she were better as Robin Clifford's wife, than as the light-of-love of the son of Jane Shore's gallant." With these words the Knight rode off ; and being much better mounted than the Secretary, put all pursuit to defiance.

Frion was full of thought. He said nothing to the Duke or Lord Audley ; but the following day hastened to visit Monina at Canterbury, where she had resided latterly, in the character of a pilgrim to St. Thomas-a-Becket's shrine. Frion had flattered himself that he could easily persuade the young inexperienced girl, whose ardour for York he had often admired. Yet he

felt uncomfortable when he saw her. Monina looked a little pale, and her dark religious garb gave no adornment to her beauty; but there was in the innocence and tenderness of her full dark eye, in the soft moulding of the cheek which harmonized with the beautiful lids, and in her

“ sweet lips like roses,
With their own fragrance pale, which Spring but half
uncloses ;”

—there was in all this a purity and soft appeal which even the politician felt, who looked on mankind as mere agents in the drama he caused to be acted. With some hesitation he brought out his story, but of course grew bolder as he proceeded. Monina looked pained, but said—“Double the number of crowns, and Sir Robert will content him. My father will make my ransom good.”

Clifford's speech and manner had convinced Frion that this would not be the case; he tried to persuade Monina, and even repeated the Knight's insolent message. Her large eyes grew larger, dilating with surprize and indignation. He little knows woman, who thinks to govern

the timid thing by threats. "Answer that bad man," she said, "thus: Monina will wed death, rather than crime and treason. Good master Frion, you have done wrong by so insulting mine ears: it were enough to drive a poor girl to eternal vows and a convent, to dream that such words are spoken of her; and if I do not take that refuge, it is because I will not desert my dear, fond, bereaved father—as soon I shall prove; meanwhile we must not delay to secure our Prince from his enemy's machinations. You know Astley, the poor scrivener in this town? I defy Clifford to win him. Bring his Highness there, I will prepare him. We must show a boldness to Clifford matching his own: let us be fearless for ourselves; and for the White Rose we need not fear. Stay; Clifford watches you; I will provide for the Duke's safety."

That very night by secret, unknown means (it might be through her gypsy friend), Monina had communicated with York, and induced him to take refuge with the man she named. Astley's father had been a soldier in the cause of York,

and had died on Bosworth Field, leaving an unprovided widow and five children, one only among them being a son. From his youth upward, the boy had struggled, not with privation on his own account, to that he submitted without a murmur, but for the sake of his mother and sisters, whom he loved with an ardour peculiar to his sensitive and affectionate disposition. Weak in health and strength, he had betaken himself to the occupation of a scrivener, so meagrely to support them. It is probable that, in the frame of all, there was a delicacy of organization that unfitted them for penury. One by one they died. That spring had left Astley comparatively rich, because he could well support himself, but miserable beyond words, for he idolized all and every one of his lost relatives. Frion, had with unwearied care, made an accurate enumeration of all in Canterbury who had ever favoured the White Rose. Astley was on this list; he saw him, and passed him over as useless. Chance brought him and Monina together, who instantly detected his latent, unpractised talents, his integrity and enthusiasm; now his habitation

occurred as an unsuspected and faithful asylum for her persecuted friend.

Frion was still at work; Clifford came on him suddenly, and heard with unrepressed rage his rejection by Monina; his threats were unmeasured; but the moment for putting them into execution to their full extent had gone by. On the very day that York arrived in safety at Canterbury, his fleet was seen off Hythe. In the morning the vessels hove in sight; towards evening they bore down upon land, and anchored in the offing. The land-breeze rising at evening tide secured them from the dangers of a lee shore.

Hythe is situated at the water's edge. The cliffs, which at Dover beetle so fearfully over the tremendous deep, have by degrees receded from their apparent task of paling in the ocean, and as they retire inland, lose their barren, precipitous aspect, and become green, wooded hills, overlooking a grassy plain, which extends from their feet to the sands, a distance of about half a mile. In the neighbourhood of Hythe a ravine, the bed of a stream, divides

these acclivities, which on one side are abrupt, on the other softly rounded as they gradually disappear. Arcadia seems to breathe from the fertile landscape; the sunny uplands, the fringed banks of the rivulet, the darker shadows of the wooded hills, are contrasted with the verdant meadows, on which cattle and sheep graze. But the sea, the dark, dangerous sea, with barking waves and vast encircling barrenness, suddenly checks the beauty of the earth, adding magnificence to the pastoral prospect.

A few days before, some gypsies had pitched their tents near the stream: some of the wanderers had strolled down to Hythe; but they were looked on for the most part with suspicion and fear. Now, while at the close of day most of the inhabitants of the little town were collected on the beach, gazing on the anchored vessels, two stout-looking gypsy-men, with one old woman of their tribe, were lying on the sands, occupied in their lazy way, by the same object, the vessels in sight. The people of Hythe, fishers, or such poor traders as supplied the fishermen with a few coarse necessities, were roused from the

usual monotony of their lives by the aspect of this fleet. Added to these, there were three or four mendicant friars; an old soldier or two, disabled in the wars of the two Roses, and a few dependents on neighbouring nobles or Franklins; while women and children of various ages filled up the group. They all spoke of the fleet: it consisted of five armed vessels; two of these were weather-beaten caravels, two were low-decked Flemish smacks, but the fifth was one of prouder build, and it bore a flag of pretension on its mizen. The French king and the Spaniard were spoken of first; some thought it was a fleet which had sought the unknown, golden lands, driven back upon the old world by the continuous west winds of the last month; some said, they belonged to the Duchy of Burgundy; there was a spell in that word; no one knew who first whispered the name; none could guess whence or wherefore the conjecture arose, but the crowd broke into smaller groups; their talk declined into whispers as "York," "Duke Perkin," "The White Rose," "The Duchess of Bur-

gundy," were mentioned; and the fleet grew as they spoke into a mighty armada, freighted with invasion, ready to disembark an army, to ravage and conquer the island.

As soon as the appearance and nature of these vessels became confirmed, the gypsies arose from their indolent posture and retreated to their encampment. A few minutes afterwards, a wild-looking youth on a shaggy horse, without a saddle, trotted off at a quick pace through the ravine to the inland country. Lord Audley and Frion heard from him of the arrival of their friends who they had expected would have been layed for another month. Frion instantly set off for Canterbury to apprise the Prince; and the noble lost no time in collecting his retainers and hastening to Hythe. Clifford's spies brought him word also of the arrival of the fleet. Ill luck attended his guiles. King Henry was in the north: there was no time to apprise him, and Clifford's underhand proceedings might turn out bitterly to his disadvantage. He had nothing for it but to endeavour to be the first to convey the already-blown news to Sir John Peachy,

sheriff for Kent: his pains were rewarded by his being detained prisoner as a suspected person, while Sir John mustered his yeomanry, and, together with the neighbouring gentry and their retainers, marched towards Hythe. The wavering people, awed by this show of legal and military power, grew cool towards the White Rose, whose name, linked to change and a diminution of taxation, had for a moment excited their enthusiasm. Some had assumed the snowy badge, and collected in groups; but they tore it off when the magistrate appeared: he thanked them for arming for their King, and they in much fear and some wonder joined his standard.

Sir John advanced with his increasing troop towards the village in question. He was informed that a band of the Prince's friends was there before him, consisting of a few Yorkist gentlemen and their retainers. His first idea was to disperse them; his second, "No; this will serve as a decoy: every coast may not be prepared; driven too speedily hence, the armament may make good their landing elsewhere: if we appear unguarded, they will disembark, and fall

into our hands." This policy had good effect; the two smaller Dutch vessels and one of the caravels ran as close in shore as their soundings permitted, and hastily landed a part of the troops. The commanders of the expedition on board the fleet had been in considerable anxiety; they had hoped to find the country raised to receive them; they saw but a handful of men: still signs were made to them to disembark; and, eager to ensure the safety of their Prince, they in part obeyed, landing about two hundred and fifty men, with Mountford, Corbet, and some other distinguished exiles, at their head. York and Frion had not yet had time to arrive from Canterbury; Lord Audley and his friends received the troops, and held consultation with their chiefs. It was resolved to go forward, and penetrate into the country, to raise it if possible; and, as they had not yet heard of Sir John Peachy's advance, to forestal resistance by their speed.

They marched forward in good order for nearly ten miles, when they halted; their scouts here brought intelligence of a regular force of

at least two thousand men who were near at hand, advancing against them. Audley advised a deviation from their line of march, so to enter the county in a different direction; Mountford proposed to fortify themselves in Hythe; Corbet to re-imbark with all speed on board their vessels. While they deliberated, it was reported that another troop of the King's men were posted in their rear, while an herald from the Sheriff called on them to lay down their arms and to submit. Already a panic ran through this knot of men; already their coward hands dropped their weapons, ready to be held out for servile cords, signs of terror, increased by the near tramp of Peachy's soldiers, and the sound of martial music.

At this moment of irresolution, four persons were seen at the top of a neighbouring eminence; one was a knight in complete armour, the others were more peacefully attired; they paused a moment gazing on the scene below; then the three pursued their way over the hills towards the sea; the cavalier came riding down

at a furious pace; Lord Audley advanced towards him, "All is lost!" he cried.

"Or won!" exclaimed the Prince, "surely Neville and my good cousin will send us reinforcements. How strong are ye on board, Mountford?"

"About six hundred; two of which are German well-trained auxiliaries; but we hoped to find an ally army."

"Treason, Sir John, is stronger to break, than truth to bind. Ye are mad: better not have landed at all than thus."

A few scattered shot from Peachy's advanced guard broke in upon these regrets; Richard in a moment recollected that this was a time for action, not for words. He issued a few commands as to the position of his troops, and riding to their front, addressed them: "My merry men, and very good friends," he cried, "let us recollect that we are soldiers; our lives depend upon our swords; draw them for the right, and be strong in it. Our enemies are chiefly raw recruits; cold friends of a tyrant-usurper; but they are many, and death is before

us; behind our vessels, the wide ocean, safety and freedom: we must retreat, not as cowardly fugitives, but as men who, while they see, fear not their danger."

The order of the march was speedily established. While the rear retrograded, Richard, with a hundred chosen men, made a stand, receiving so well the first onset of their assailants, that they were staggered and driven back.

"In good hour, spare neither whip nor spur," cried York; and turning his horse's head, he galloped towards his retreating friends. Peachy, who believed that he had them in his toils, followed slowly and in good order. For the first five miles all went well; but when the hills approached and grew more abrupt, forming by degrees a narrow ravine; they found this post guarded by the enemy. "Betrayed!" cried Audley; "we ought to have traversed the hills; now we are between two fires."

"Silence!" said Richard, sternly; "we must give courage to these poor fellows, not deprive them of it—fear you for your life,

Baron? By my fay, I had rather mine were spilt, than that of the meanest of our men ! ”

Combat like this York had shared in the ravines of Andalusia : he remembered that warfare, and founded his present operations upon it. His onset was impetuous : the enemy recoiled, but formed again. The horsemen dismounted, and presented a frightful bulwark of iron-headed lances to the horses of the little troop ; while, from the intervals in the ranks, the archers and men armed with matchlocks, kept up a rain of arrows and bullets, that spread consternation among his troop. It was necessary to break through this formidable defence : thrice the Prince charged in vain ; the third time his standard-bearer fell ; he wore a white scarf ; he fixed it to his lance, and drawing his sword, he waved this emblem of his cause as again he dashed forwards, and with greater success ; yet, as he drove the enemy before him, the whiz of bullets and arrows from behind showed that their previous resistance had given Sir John Peachy time to come up. York grasped Audley’s hand : “ Farewell,” he cried, “ forgive my hasty

speech, my valiant friend : may we meet in paradise, where surely, through God's grace, we shall sup this night."

With the words he charged again, and overcame the last faint resistance. Followed by all his troop, pursuing the flying, Richard dashed through the defile : soon the open plain was before them, and he saw the wide, calm, free ocean, with his vessels riding at anchor. The decks were crowded with men, and the water covered with boats, hovering near shore, as they waited to receive tidings of their friends.

Before in the van, Richard now hung back to secure the retreat of those behind. Audley urged him to embark ; but he moved slowly towards the beach, now calling his men to form and gather round him, now marking the motions of those behind, ready to ride back to their aid. At length Peachy's troops poured through the defile ; the plain was covered by flying Yorkists : it only remained for him to assemble as many as he could, to protect and ensure the embarkation of all.

“One word,” cried Audley; “whither do you propose to sail?”

“It is doubtful: if Barry still be true, and my voice be heard, not to Burgundy and dependence, but rather to Ireland, to Cork and Desmond.”

“Meanwhile, dear your Highness,” said the noble, “I will not believe that all is lost in England. I shall make good speed to the West, and gather my friends together; we shall not be distant neighbours; and if I succeed to my wish, Audley will call you from your Irish fastnesses to your own native England. Our Lady preserve you meanwhile—farewell!”

Audley, swift in all his proceedings, put spurs to his horse, and was away. A few minutes brought Richard to the sands: he guarded the embarkation of his diminished numbers; nor, till Peachy's troop was within bowshot, and the last straggler that arrived was in the last boat, did he throw himself from his horse and leap in: he was rowed to the chief vessel. He cast an anxious glance at the Adalid just under weigh: a green and white flag was hoisted: Monina

was on board. Further to re-assure him of his friends' safety, Frion received him as he mounted his own deck. Evening was at hand—the late balmy, summer evening; a land breeze sprung up; the vessels had already weighed their anchors, and swiftly, with swelling sails, they gained the offing. How tranquil and sweet seemed the wide-spread waters; how welcome these arks of refuge, sailing placidly over them, after the strife, the blood, the shouts, the groans of battle. “Farewell England,” said the royal exile; “I have no country, save these decks trodden by my friends—where they are, there is my kingdom and my home!”

CHAPTER X.

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot :
 And then the power of Scotland and of York
 To join——
 In faith it is exceedingly well aimed !

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Duke of York found Lord Barry, Sir George Neville, Plantagenet, and several other distinguished friends, on board his vessel. In consultation with them, it was agreed to sail immediately for Cork. The loss of many brave friends, killed or prisoners, on the Kentish coast, saddened them : while the diminution of their numbers forbade the idea of a second descent upon England. Towards Ireland they sailed, with such alternation of calm and contrary winds, as made them linger for several weeks

upon their way. Here, for the first time, Richard heard from Friar of Clifford's machinations, and of his message, and insolent threat to Monina. Every drop of blood in his veins was alive with indignation: before, he had despised Sir Robert as a traitor; and, while he looked on him as the cause of all his disasters, and of the death of so many of his noble and gallant adherents, his abhorrence was mingled with contemptuous pity. The unchivalrous wrong offered to a woman, that woman his sweet sister-friend, animated him with other feelings: to avenge her, and chastise the arrogant braggart, was his knightly duty, his fervent, impatient wish. He saw her not meanwhile; she was in one of those dark hulls, among which love alone taught him to discern the lighter build and more sea-worn frame of the Adalid.

Ireland was at this time very differently situated, from when the Prince first landed on her shores. After Lambert Simnel's success there, still the King of England had neglected its internal policy. A more terrible name awakened his caution; and he sent Sir Edward

Poynings, as the deputy of his infant son Henry, whom he had nominally appointed to the government. Poynings was resolute and successful. He defeated the natives, quelled the Earl of Kildare, and forced the Earl of Desmond to renew his oaths of allegiance. A free pardon was afterwards granted to all, with the exception of Lord Barry.

York was received at Cork most cordially by his old friend O'Water, and immediately, at the Earl of Desmond's invitation, repaired to Ardfinnin. The Earl had found no great difficulty in escaping from England, and returning to his native island. The timely assistance he had afforded Henry's enemy in the Tower, was an impenetrable mystery, though the consciousness of it had made him more yielding, than he would otherwise have been in his concessions to Poynings. He received York with the hospitality of an Irish Chieftain, and the kindness of a friend. But he held out no inducement for him to remain: on the contrary, he was the first to counsel him to turn his eyes, where a new and brighter prospect presented itself. Sir Patrick

Hamilton had left Munster a few months before, with a firm belief in Richard's truth; he had assured the Earl of the favourable reception his adventurous friend would obtain from his royal master, and had declared his intention of proceeding to Brussels to see the Prince, and personally to enforce his invitation. York was absent; but the Duchess gave a cordial reception to the renowned Scottish cavalier. He had been present at the sailing of the fleet; and his last words were wishes for their success, and an offer of secure and honourable refuge in Edinburgh, in case of failure. It had been agreed, that on his own return thither, he should be accompanied by messengers from the Duchess, to thank the King of Scotland for the interest he manifested towards her beloved nephew. Sir Edward Brampton was chosen as the chief of these, accompanied of course by his Lady, York's long-tried and zealous friend.

All these circumstances were decisive of the course it became the exile to pursue. He was at that moment in a condition to appear under advantageous circumstances at the Scottish

Court. He had lost several valued friends during the late attempt; but many remained of noble birth and good renown. Above a hundred knights graced his train. The treasure his aunt had bestowed for his English struggle remained, besides a considerable sum of money, services of valuable plate and valuable jewels, the munificent gift of the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk. In fine, not a dissentient voice was raised; and the attention of every one was turned towards preparations for the voyage. York continued to be the Earl of Desmond's guest: in his princely halls he received all the honour due to his rank and pretensions. The Countess, a lady of the noble family of Roche, distinguished him by her kindness, and conceived a peculiar friendship for the Spanish maiden, Monina.

The moment arrived for York's embarkation. He had visited his vessels, and seen that all was in readiness; but his surprise was excited by perceiving that no preparations were made for sailing on board the Adalid. This was explained on his return, by the Countess telling him that a friend of his desired to take leave of him before

he sailed, and that she had been besought by her to explain in some measure the reasons of their separation. De Faro's whole soul was set upon becoming one of those immortal pioneers who opened new paths across the unexplored West. He could be of no use to Richard in Scotland; but he could not prevail on himself to leave his lovely, unprotected girl behind. She had at last consented to accompany him in his far and dangerous voyage.

Many had been this poor child's struggles, sad her reflections, ere she wrought herself to this purpose. "Alas!" such were her reveries, "that innocence should be no safeguard in this ill world! If indeed I loved him sinfully, or he sought me wrongfully, I should simply obey the laws of God in flying him; but he is noble, and I know my own heart. Spotless Mother of God, thou knowest it!—there is no single feeling in my woman's soul that I dare not avouch to thy all-blessed gentleness! I ask only to live in the same land, to breathe the same air, to serve him at his need, to associate with his friends; so that when I see him not, I may feed upon discourse

of him. This is all I ask—all!—and this must not be! I cannot bear a tainted name; I cannot endure that, linked with any slightest stain of calumny, my image should haunt his dreams; nor that he or any human being should suffer through me, which may so easily happen: for if words like those Frion reported should reach my father's ears, he would clothe his tempest-shaken limbs in arms, and expose his breast to the sharp sword's point, to vindicate my honour. No!—no tragedy shall be associated with poor Monina's name; nor agony nor woe shall visit those I love, through me: they shall not even commiserate my sufferings; these shall be garnered up in my own heart, watched with a miser's care. I will not enrich the tell-tale air by one sigh; nor through my broken heart, shall the gloom of my despair appear. I will paint my face with joy's own hue; put sunshine in my eyes: my hapless love shall be no tale of pity for any, save my own desolate thoughts. Nor let me forget every lesson of resignation, nor the dear belief I cherish in the protection and goodness of my sainted guardianess. Let me rejoice

at much that exalts my destiny in my own eyes. The Prince's friendship, affection, gratitude and esteem are mine: I have been able to serve him I love—am I not sufficiently fortunate? He needs me no more; but I am no alien upon earth. I shall give delight to my dear father by accompanying him over the untrod watery deserts: through me—for, if I went not, he would remain behind—the name of De Faro will be added to the list of those who bestow a new creation of supernal beauty on our out-worn world. He will call me the partner of his glory; and, though that be a vain word, his dark eyes will flash with joy. My dear, dear father! Should the Prince succeed and ascend his rightful throne, more impassable than that wide sea would be the gulph which ceremony would place between us; and if he fall—ah! mine is no summer day's voyage; the tornados of that wild region may wreck me; the cold sea receive me in her bosom; and I shall never hear of Richard's overthrow, nor endure the intolerable pang of knowing that he dies."

Fortified in some degree by such thoughts,

anxious to conceal her sorrows from one who might compassionate; yet not wholly share them, Monina met Richard with an air of gaiety: glad, in spite of his involuntary mortification, that she should be spared any pain, he copied her manner; and a spectator would have thought, that either they parted for a few hours, or were indifferent to each other. He could not help betraying some anxiety however, when Lady Desmond, who was present, solicited him to make his friend change her purpose, and drew a frightful picture of the hazardous voyage, the storms, the likelihood that they might be driven far, far away, where no land was, where they would perish of famine on the barren, desolate ocean. Monina laughed—she endeavoured thus to put aside her friend's serious entreaties; and, when she found that she failed, she spoke of the Providence that could protect her even on the wastes of innavigable ocean; and proudly reminded him, that she would trust her father, whose reputation as a mariner stood foremost among those in the King of Portugal's employ.

Richard looked perplexed—sorrow and pain spoke in his countenance; while she, true to herself to the last, said, “I have now told you my purpose—but this is no farewell; to-morrow we meet again; and another to-morrow will come also, when I bring treasure from my Indian isle to dazzle the monarch of fair, happy England.”

On that morrow Richard sought in vain among the Countess of Desmond’s companions for his sweet Spaniard; he imaged her as he last saw her, light, laughing, her soft-beaming eyes hardly daring to glance towards him, while he fancied that a shower of precious drops was shaken from their fringed lids. He had meant to say, “Ah! weep, Monina, weep for Andalusia—for our happy childhood—for the hopes that leave us: thy tears will seem to me more glad than thy untrue smile.” But she was not there. Could he have seen her from the deck of his vessel, marking its progress from the watch-tower of Youghall, he had been satisfied. The anguish of bitter tears, the heart’s agonizing

gasplings, were hers, to be succeeded by the dull starless night of despair, when his sail vanished on the glittering plains of the sunny sea.

Farewell to her who mourned; to her who saw neither day nor joy, whose heart lived with him, while she prepared for her melancholy separation from the very world which he inhabited.

The scene shifts to Scotland; and hither, to a new country, a new people, almost to a new language, our royal adventurer is transported. Dark, tumultuous, stained with blood, and rendered foul by treason, are the pages of early Scottish history. A wild and warlike people inhabited its mountainous districts, whose occupation was strife, whose religion was power and revenge. The Lowlanders, a wealthier race, were hardly more cultivated or less savage. One course of rebellion against the sovereign, and discord among themselves, flows, a sanguinary stream from the hidden sources of things, threading a long track of years, or overflowing it with its pernicious waves. Discord, hate and murder were the animating spirits of the scene.

James the Third was a weak, unhappy man. A prophecy had induced him to distrust all the Princes of his house—he extended this distrust to his son, who was brought up consequently in a kind of honourable and obscure imprisonment. He fostered unworthy favourites; and many bold and sanguinary revolts had been the consequence. On one occasion, while encamped, during a foray into England, his nobles had seized on all his personal friends and adherents, and hanged them over Loudon Bridge. The last rebellion cost him his life. The insurgents seized on, and placed at their head, his eldest son, then only sixteen years of age—they met their sovereign in the field—he fled before them; and his death was as miserable and dastardly as his life.

James the Fourth succeeded to the throne. The mean jealousy of his father had caused him to be untutored; but he was one of those beings, who by nature inherit magnanimity, refinement and generosity. His faults were those that belong to such a character. His imagination was active, his impulses warm but capricious:

He was benignant to every other, severe only in his judgment of himself. His father's death, to which he had been an unwilling accessory, weighed like parricide on his conscience. To expiate it, in the spirit of those times, he wore perpetually an iron girdle, augmenting the weight each year, as habit or encreasing strength lightened the former one. He devoted much of his life to penance and prayer. Here ended however all of the ascetic in his disposition. He was a gallant knight and an accomplished gentleman. He encouraged tourneys and passages of arms, raising the reputation of the Scottish cavaliers all over Europe, so that many noble foreigners repaired to Edinburgh, to gain new trophies in contests with the heroes of the north. He passed edicts to enforce the schooling of the children of the nobles and lairds. His general love of justice, a little impaired it is true by feudal prejudices, often led him to wander in disguise over his kingdom; seeking hospitality from the poor, and listening with a candid and generous mind to every remark upon himself and his government.

He was singularly handsome, graceful, prepossessing, and yet dignified in his manners. He loved pleasure, and was the slave of the sex, which gives to pleasure all its elegance and refinement; he partook his family's love for the arts, and was himself a poet and a musician; nay more, to emulate the divine patron of these accomplishments, he was well-skilled in surgery and the science of healing. He was ambitious, active, energetic. He ruminated many a project of future glory; meanwhile his chief aim was to reconcile the minds of the alienated nobles—his murdered father's friends—to himself; and, succeeding in this, to abolish the feuds that raged among the peers of Scotland, and civilize their barbarous propensities. He succeeded to a miracle. His personal advantages attracted the affection of his subjects; they were proud of him, and felt exalted by his virtues. His excellent government and amiable disposition, both united to make his reign peaceful in its internal policy, and beneficial to the kingdom. The court of Holyrood vied with those of Paris, London and Brussels: to which capitals many of his high-born

subjects, no longer engaged in the struggles of party, travelled; bringing back with them the refinements of gallantry, the poetry, learning and science of the south of Europe. The feuds, last flickerings of the dying torch of discord, which lately spread a fatal glare through the land, ceased; if every noble did not love, they all obeyed their sovereign—thus a new golden age might be said to have dawned upon this eyrie of Boreas, this tempestuous Thule of the world.

We must remember that this was the age of chivalry; the spirit of Edward the Third and the princely Dukes of Burgundy yet survived. Louis the Eleventh in France had done much to quench it; it burnt bright again under the auspices of his son. Henry the Seventh was its bitter enemy; but we are still at the beginning of his reign, while war and arms were unextinguished by his cold, avaricious policy. James of Scotland laboured, and successfully, to pacify his subjects, children of one common parent; but he, as well as they, disdained the ignoble arts of peace. England formed the lists where they desired to display their courage; war with

England was a word to animate every heart to dreadful joy: in the end it caused the destruction of him and all his chivalry in Flodden Field; now it made him zealous to upraise a disinherited Prince; so that under the idea of restoring the rightful sovereign to the English throne, he might have fair pretext for invading the neighbour kingdom. At the hope, the soldiers of Scotland—in other words, its whole population—awakened, as an unhooded hawk, ready to soar at its accustomed quarry.

Sir Patrick Hamilton, the most accomplished and renowned of the Scottish cavaliers, and kinsman of the royal house, had returned laden with every testimony of the White Rose's truth, and a thousand proofs of his nobleness and virtue. Sir Edward Brampton delivered the Duchess's message of thanks; and his lady had already awakened the zeal of many a gentleman, and the curiosity and interest of many a lady, for the pride of York, the noble, valiant Plantagenet. Woman's sway was great at Holyrood; as the bachelor king, notwithstanding his iron girdle, and his strict attention to his religious duties,

was a devout votary at the shrine of feminine beauty.

There was a hawking party assembled in the neighbourhood of Stirling, which he graced by his presence. All was apparently light-heartedness and joy, till a dispute arose between two damsels upon the merits of their respective falcons. One of these was fair Mary Boyd, daughter of the Laird of Bonshaw. Mary Boyd was the first-love of the young sovereign, and the report went that he was no unsuccessful suitor; it spoke of offspring carefully concealed in a village of Fife, whom James often visited. When afterwards this young lady's example was imitated by others nobly born, this became no secret, and of her children one became Archbishop of St. Andrews, the other, a daughter, married the Earl of Morton.

But these were days of youthful bashfulness and reserve; the mind of Mary Boyd balanced between pride in her lover, and shame for her fault; a state of feeling, that ill-brooked the loss of what gilded her too apparent frailty—the exclusive attention of the King. Mary was older

than the King; the dignity which had captivated the boy's imagination, lost its charm, when the tyranny of assumed right took place of that of tenderness. He grew cold, then absent, and at last ventured to fix a regard of admiration on another, sliding easily from the restraint to which he at first submitted, into all of devotion and soft, gallant courtesy, by which kings win lady's love, and in which none grew to be a greater adept than James. The new object that attracted him, was the young, gay and lovely Lady Jane Kennedy, daughter of the Earl of Cassils. Her sparkling eyes, her "bonny brent brow," her dark, clustering hair, contrasted with the transparency of her complexion—her perfect good humour, her vivacity and her wit—made her a chief beauty in the Scottish court, and in all this she was the reverse of the fair, light-haired, sleepy-eyed Mary. Lady Jane saw and gloried in her triumph over the King. Innocent then, she only desired the reputation of such a conquest, fully resolved not to tread in the steps of her rival. It is something of fool's play to strive to enchain fire by links of straw,

to throw silken fetters on a bounding torrent, to sport with the strong lion, Love, as he were a playful whelp: some, secure in innocence and principle, may at last discover their mistake and remain uninjured; but not the vain, heedless, self-willed Lady Jane. The courtiers were divided in their attentions; some for shame would not forsake Mary Boyd; some thought that still she would regain her power; one or two imagined that Lady Jane's resistance would restore the king to her rival; but the greater number caught the light spirit of the hour, and gathered round the laughing, happy girl.

The contention between these ladies made many smile. The King betted a diamond against a Scotch pebble on Lady Jane's bird. Mary had thwarted him, and forced him to her side during the first part of the day—now he took this revenge. A heron rose from the river banks. The birds were unhooded; and up soared Lady Jane's in one equal flight through the blue air, cleaving the atmosphere with noiseless wing. Mary's followed slower; but, when Lady Jane's pounced on the quarry, and

brought it screaming and flapping to the ground, the rival bird darted on the conqueror, and a sharp struggle ensued. It was unequal; for the Lady Jane's hawk would not quit its prey. "Let them fight it out," said Mary, "and the survivor is surely the victor."

But the spectators cried shame—while Lady Jane with a scream hastened to save her favourite. The other, fiery as a borderer, attacked even her; and, in spite of her gloves, drops of blood from her fair hand stained her silken robe. James came to her rescue, and with one blow put an end to the offender's life. Jane caressed her "tassel gentle;" while Mary looked on her "false carrion's" extinction with unrepressed indignation. They returned to Stirling: immediately on their arrival they received tidings that the Duke of York's fleet had been descried, and was expected to enter the Frith on the following day. None heard the words without emotion; the general sentiment was joy; for Richard's landing was to be the signal of invasion. King Henry had one or two friends

among the Scottish nobles, and these alone smiled contemptuously.

“We must have feasts and tourneys, fair mistress,” said the King, “to honour our royal visitor. Will your servant intrude unseemingly if while his arms extol your beauty, he wears your colours?”

Lady Jane smiled a reply, as she followed her father towards his mansion. She smiled, while feminine triumph beamed in her eye, and girlish bashfulness blushed in her cheek. “Has she not a bonny ee?” cried James to him, who rode near him. It was Sir Patrick Hamilton, his dear cousin and friend, to whom James often deferred, and respected, while he loved. His serious look recalled the King. “This is not the time, good sooth!” he continued, “for such sweet gauds—but for lance and broad-sword:—the coming of this Prince of Roses will bring our arms into play, all rusty as they are. I wonder what presence our guest may have!”

The friends then conversed concerning the projected war, which both agreed would be well-timed. It would at once give vent to the fiery

impulses of the Scotch Lords, otherwise apt to prey upon each other. But lately a band of the Drummonds had burnt the kirk of Moulward, in which were six-score Murrays, with their wives and children; all of whom were victims. But foray in England—war with the land of their hate—the defiance would be echoed in glad shouts from Tweed to Tay; from the Lothians to the Carse of Gowrie; while it should be repeated in groans from the Northumberland wilds.

CHAPTER XI.

Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee;
 Welcome to James of Scotland! For thy safety,
 Know, such as love thee not shall never wrong thee.
 Come, we will taste awhile our court delights,
 Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed
 To high attempts of honour.

FORD.

THE Duke of York arrived off Leith. While the messengers were going to and fro, and preparation was made to disembark, he and his principal friends were assembled on the deck of their vessel, regarding this strange northern coast with curiosity, wonder, and some contempt.

“I see horses,” cried Lord Barry; “By'r

Lord's grace, grass grows hitherward—that is much !”

“ I see kye,” exclaimed Frion, “ so we may hope for buttered sowans at least, if not beef, at the palace of feasts.”

“ Aye,” cried Sir Edward Bráampton, who had come on board, “ you may hope for choice cheer. I promise ye shall live well, ye that are noble—these unclad rocks and desart moors are the home of many an earl and belted knight, whose gorgeousness may vie with the cavaliers of France or Burgundy. In this it differs from England, ye will not find stout franklins or fat burgesses; there are no men of Ghent, nor London Aldermen: the half-naked kern tills the stony soil. Next to the palace is the hearthless hovel. Wealth and penury, if not mates, are joint masters of the land.”

“ I have heard,” said York, “ that there is much paternal love and filial duty between the rich and poor in this country.”

“ Among the northern mountains thus it is,” said Bráampton; “ a strange and savage race,

which, my good Lord Barry, some name Irish, dwell on the barren heights, along the impassable defiles, beside their vast stormy lakes; but the Lowlander looks askance on the Highland clanship. List ye, gentlemen; all bears a different aspect here from the gentle southern kingdoms; but they are men, proud, valiant, warlike men, as such they claim our respect. His Majesty and a few others are moreover right gallant cavaliers."

"Mark these words," said York, earnestly, "and remember, dear friends, that we, the world's wanderers, seek refuge here of our own will, which if we find, we must not disdain our hosts. Remember too the easy rage of the fiery Scot; and that we boast gentler customs: suffer no brawling to mar our concord; let not Richard of York, who of all his wide realm possesses your hearts only, find his dominions narrowed, or violently disturbed by your petulance and pride."

The Duke's associates listened with respect. Hitherto the spirited boy had been led by a Barry, a Clifford, a Neville, or a Plantagenet.

They had counselled, spoken for him ; his sword only had been as active as theirs. A new light seemed to have broken in upon his soul ; it assumed a seriousness and power that exalted him in their eyes, while it took nothing from the candour and single-hearted reliance on their loves, which was his dearest charm.

On landing, the Duke of York was escorted to Edinburgh by the Earl of Errol, Sir Patrick Hamilton, and others. The attire, arms, and horses, with their caparisons, of these gentlemen, were little inferior to those displayed at Paris. King James awaited him at the Castle of Edinburgh. The monarch received his guest in state on his throne. The Prince was struck at once by his elegance, his majesty, and sweet animated aspect : his black bonnet, looped up by a large ruby, sat lightly on his brow, his glossy black curly hair escaping in ringlets from underneath ; his embroidered shirt collar thrown back, displayed his throat, and the noble expression of his head ; his dark grey eyes, his manly sun-burnt complexion, the look of thought, combined with goodness, mingled with dignity, gave an air of

distinction to his whole person. Various were the physiognomies, various the guises, of those around him. The swart, gaunt Highlander, in his singular costume; the blue-eyed, red-haired sons of the Lowlands were there; and in each and all were remarkable a martial, sometimes a ferocious expression.

The Prince of England entered, surrounded by his (to the Scotch) foreign-looking knights.

James descended from his throne to embrace his visitant, and then re-assumed it, while all eyes were turned upon the royal Adventurer, whose voice and mien won every heart, before his eloquence had time to move them. "High and mighty King," said Richard, "your grace, and these your nobles present, be pleased to hear the tragedy of one, who, born a prince, comes even as a beggar to your court. My Lords, sorrow and I were not twins: I am the elder, and for nine years I beheld not the ill-visage of that latest birth of my poor but royal mother's fortunes. It were a long tale to tell, what rumour has made familiar to every ear: my uncle Gloucester's usurpation; my brother's

death ; and the sorrows of our race. I lost my kingdom ere I possessed it ; and while yet my young hands were too feeble to grasp the sceptre of my ancestors, and with it, the sword needful to defend the same, capricious fate bestowed it on Henry of Richmond ; a base-born descendant of ill-nurtured Bolingbroke ; a scion of that Red Rose that so long and so rightfully had been uprooted in the land, which they had bought with its children's dearest blood.

“ Good, my lords, I might move you to pity did I relate how, in my tender years, that usurer King sought my life, buying the blood of the orphan at the hands of traitors. How, when these cruelties failed him, he used subtler arts ; giving me nick-names ; meeting my gallant array of partizans, not with an army of their peers, but with a base rout of deceits, treasons, spies, and blood-stained decoyers. It would suit me better to excite your admirations by speaking of the nobleness and fidelity of my friends ; the generosity of the sovereigns who have shed invaluable dew upon the fading White Rose, so to refresh and restore it :

“ But not to waste my tediousness on you, let this be the sum. I am here, the friend of France, the kinsman of Burgundy; the acknowledged Lord of Ireland; pursued by my powerful foe, I am here, King of Scotland, to claim your friendship and your aid. Here lies the accomplishment of my destiny! The universal justice to be rendered me, which I dreamed of in my childhood, the eagle hopes of my youth, my better fortunes, and future greatness, have fled me. But here they have found a home: here they are garnered up; render them back to me, my lord; unlock with the iron key of fatal battle, the entrance to those treasures, all mine own, whose absence renders me so poor. Arm for me, Scotland; arm for the right! Never for a juster cause could you buckle breast-plate, or poize your lance. Be my captain, and these your peers, my fellow-soldiers. Fear not, but that we vanquish: that I gain a kingdom; you eternal glory from your regal gift. Alas! I am as an helmless vessel drifting towards the murderous rock; but you, as the strong north-wind,

may fill the flapping sails, and carry me on my way with victory and gladness."

A murmur filled the presence-chamber; dark Douglas grasped his sword; Hamilton's eyes glanced lightnings; not one there but felt his heart beat with desire to enforce the illustrious exile's right. The tide of rising enthusiasm paused as James arose; and deep attention held them all. He descended from his throne. "My royal brother," he said, "were I a mere errant knight, so good and high I esteem your cause, without more ado I would don my armour, and betake me to the field. The same power which enables me to afford you far better succour than the strength of one arm, obliges me to pause and take council, ere I speak what it is in my heart to promise. But your Highness has made good your interests among my counsellors; and I read in their gestures the desire of war and adventure for your sake. Deem yourself an exile no more. Fancy that you have come from merry England to feast with your brother in the north, and we will escort you back to your capital in triumphant procession, showing the gaping

world how slighter than silky cobwebs are the obstacles that oppose the united strength of Plantagenet and Stuart. Welcome—thrice welcome to the Scottish land—kinsmen, nobles, valiant gentlemen, bid dear welcome to my brother England !”

CHAPTER XII.

A lady, the wonder of her kind,
 Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind;
 Which dilating had moulded her mien and motion,
 Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean.

SHELLEY.

A FEW days made it apparent that York acquired a stronger power over the generous and amiable King of Scotland, than could be given by motives of state policy. He became his friend; no empty name with James, whose ardent soul poured itself headlong into this new channel, and revelled in a kind of extacy in the virtues and accomplishments of his favoured guest. Both these Princes were magnanimous

and honourable, full of grandeur of purpose, and gentleness of manner: united by these main qualities, the diversities of their dispositions served rather to draw them closer. Though Richard's adventures and disasters had been so many, his countenance, his very mind was less careworn than that of James. The White Rose, even in adversity, was the nursling of love: the Scottish Prince, in his palace-fostered childhood, had been the object of his father's hatred and suspicion: cabal, violence, and duplicity had waited on him. James governed those around him by demonstrating to them, that it was their interest to obey a watchful, loving, generous monarch: Richard's power was addressed to the most exalted emotions of the human heart, to the fidelity, self-devotion, and chivalric attachment of his adherents. James drew towards himself the confidence of men; Richard bestowed his own upon them. James was winning from his courtesy, Richard from his ingenuousness. Remorse had printed a fadeless stamp of thought and pain on the King's countenance; an internal self-communion and self-rebuke

were seated in the deep shadows of his thoughtful eyes. Richard's sorrow for the disasters he might be said to have occasioned his friends, his disdain of his own vagabond position, his sadness, when his winged thoughts flew after the Adalid, to hover over his sweet Monina; all these emotions were tinged by respect for the virtues of those around him, conscious rectitude, pious resignation to Providence, gratitude to his friends, and a tender admiration of the virgin virtues of her he loved: so that there arose thence only a softer expression for his features, a sweetness in the candour of his smile, a gentle fascination in his frank address, that gave at once the stamp of elevated feeling and goodness to his mien. He looked innocent, while James's aspect gave token, that in his heart good and ill had waged war: the better side had conquered, yet had not come off scatheless from the fight.

In the first enthusiasm of his new attachment, James was eager to lavish on his friend every mark of his favour and interest: he was obliged to check his impatience, and to submit

to the necessity of consulting with and deferring to others. His promises, though large, continued therefore to be vague; and York knew that he had several enemies at the council-board. The intimacy between him and the King prevented him from entertaining any doubts as to the result; but he had a difficult task in communicating this spirit of patient forbearance to his friends. Sometimes they took sudden fright, lest they should all at once meet a denial to their desires; sometimes they were indignant at the delays that were interposed. None was more open in his expressions of discontent than Master Secretary Frion. He, who had been the soul of every enterprize until now, who had fancied that his talents for negociation would be of infinite avail in the Scottish court, found that the friendship between the Princes, and Richard's disdain of artfully enticing to his side his host's noble subjects, destroyed at once his diplomatic weaving. He craftily increased the discontent of the proud Neville, the disquietude of the zealous Lady Brampton, and the turbulent intolerance of re-

pose of Lord Barry; while Richard, on the other hand, exerted himself to tranquillize and reduce them to reason: he was sanguine in his expectations, and above all, confident in his friend's sincere intention to do more than merely assist him by force of arms. He saw a thousand projects at work in James's generous heart, every one tending to exalt him in the eyes of the world, and to rescue him for ever from the nameless, fugitive position he occupied. Nor was his constant intercourse with the King of small influence over his happiness: the genius, the versatile talents, the grace and accomplishments of this sovereign, the equality and sympathy that reigned between them, was an exhaustless source of more than amusement, of interest and delight. The friends of James became his friends: Sir Patrick Hamilton was chief among these, and warmly attached to the English Prince: another, whom at first ceremony had placed at a greater distance from him, grew into an object of intense interest and continual excitation.

“ This evening,” said the King to him, soon

after his arrival, "you will see the flower of our Scottish damsels, the flower of the world well may I call her; for assuredly, when you see the Lady Katherine Gordon, you will allow that she is matchless among women."

Richard was surprised: did James's devotion to Lady Jane Kennedy, nay, his conscious look whenever he mentioned her, mean nothing? Besides, on this appeal to his own judgment, he pictured his soft-eyed Spaniard, with all her vivacity and all her tenderness, and he revolted from the idea of being the slave of any other beauty. "Speak to our guest, Sir Patrick," continued the King, "and describe the fair earthly angel who makes a heaven of our bleak wilds; or rather, for his Highness might suspect you, let me, not her lover, but her cousin, her admirer, her friend, tell half the charms, half the virtues of the daughter of Huntley. Is it not strange that I, who have seen her each day since childhood, and who still gaze with wonder on her beauty, should yet find that words fail me when I would paint it? I am apt to see, and ready to praise, the delicate

arch of this lady's brow, the fire of another's eyes, another's pouting lip and fair complexion, the gay animation of one, the chiseled symmetry of a second. Often, when our dear Lady Kate has sat, as is often her wont, retired from sight, conversing with some travelled greybeard, or paying the homage of attention to some ancient dame (of late I have remarked her often in discourse with Lady Brampton), I have studied her face and person to discover where the overpowering charm exists, which, like a strain of impassioned music, electrifies the senses, and touches the hearts of all near her. Is it in her eyes? A poet might dream of dark blue orbs like hers, and that he had kissed eyelids soft as those, when he came unawares on the repose of young Aurora, and go mad for ever after, because it was only a dream: yet I have seen brighter; nor are they languishing. Her lips, yes, the soul of beauty is there, and so is it in her dimpled chin. In the delicate rounding of her cheeks, in the swanlike loveliness of her throat, in the soft ringlets of her glossy hair, down to the very tips of her roseate-tinged fingers, there is pro-

portion, expression and grace. You will hardly see all this: at first you will be struck; extreme beauty must strike; but your second thought will be, to wonder what struck you, and then you will look around, and see twenty prettier and more attractive; and then, why, at the first words she speaks, you will fancy it an easy thing to die upon the mere thought of her: her voice alone will take you out of yourself, and carry you into another state of being. She is simple as a child, straight-forward, direct: falsehood—pah! Katherine *is* Truth. This simplicity, which knows neither colouring nor deviation, might almost make you fear, while you adore her, but that her goodness brings you back to love. She is good, almost beyond the consciousness of being so: she is good, because she gives herself entirely up to sympathy; and, beyond every other, she dives into the sources of your pleasures and pains, and takes a part in them. The better part of yourself will, when she speaks, appear to leap out, as if, for the first time, it found its other half; while

the worse is mute, like a stricken dog, before her. She is gay, more eager to create pleasure than to please; for to please, we must think of ourselves, and be ourselves the hero of the story, and Katherine is ever forgetful of self: she is guileless and gall-less; all love her; her proud father, and fiery, contentious Highland brothers, defer to her; yet, to look at her, it is as if the youngest and most innocent of the Graces read a page of Wisdom's book, scarce understanding what it meant, but feeling that it was right."

It was dangerous to provoke the spirit of criticism by excessive praise; Richard felt half inclined to assert that there was something in the style of the King's painting that showed he should not like this lauded lady; but she was his cousin, he was proud of her, and so he was silent. There was a ball at court that night; and he would see many he had never seen before; James made it a point that he should discover which was his cousin. He could not mistake. "She is loveliness itself!" burst from his lips; and from that moment he felt what James had

said, that there was a "music breathing from her face," an unearthly, spirit-stirring beauty, that inspired awe, had not her perfect want of pretension, her quiet, unassuming simplicity, at once led him back to every thought associated with the charms and virtues of woman. Lady Brampton was already a link between them; and, in a few minutes, he found himself conversing with more unreserve and pleasure than he had ever done. There are two pleasures in our intercourse in society, one is to listen, another to speak. We may frequently meet agreeable, entertaining people, and even sometimes individuals, whose conversation, either by its wit, its profundity or its variety, commands our whole rapt attention: but very seldom during the course of our lives do we meet those who thaw every lingering particle of ice, who set the warm life-springs flowing, and entice us, with our hearts upon our lips, to give utterance to its most secret mysteries; to disentangle every knot and fold of thought, and, like sea-weed in the wave, to spread the disregarded herbage, as a tracery matchlessly fair before another's eyes. Such

pleasure Richard felt with Katherine ; and, ever and anon, her melodious voice interposed with some remark, some explanation of his own feelings, at once brilliant and true.

Richard knew that Sir Patrick Hamilton loved the Lady Katherine Gordon ; he also was related to the royal family. Hamilton in the eyes of all, fair ladies and sage counsellors, was acknowledged to be the most perfect Knight of Scotland ; what obstacle could there be to their union ? Probably it was already projected, and acceded to. Richard did not derogate from the faith that he told himself he owed to Monina, by cultivating a friendship for the promised bride of another, and moreover one whom, after the interval of a few short months, he would never see again. Satisfied with this reasoning, York lost no opportunity of devoting himself to the Lady Katherine.

His interests were the continual subject of discussion in the royal council-chamber. There were a few who did not speak in his favour. The principal of these was the Earl of Moray, the King's uncle : the least in consideration, for he

was not of the council, though he influenced it: but the bitterest in feeling, was Sir John Ramsey, Laird of Balmayne, who styled himself Lord Bothwell. He had been a favourite of James the Third. His dark, fierce temper was exasperated by his master's death, and he brooded perpetually for revenge. He had once, with several other nobles, entered into a conspiracy to deliver up the present King to Henry the Seventh; and the traitorous intent was defeated, not from want of will, but want of power in his abettors. Since then, Lord Bothwell, though nominally banished and attainted, was suffered to live in Edinburgh, nay, to have access to the royal person. James, whose conscience suffered so dearly by the death of his father, had no desire to display severity towards his ancient faithful servant; besides, one who was really so insignificant as Sir John Ramsey. This man was turbulent, dissatisfied: he was sold to Henry of England, and had long acted as a spy; the appearance of York at Edinburgh gave activity and importance to his function:

his secret influence and covert intrigues retarded somewhat the projects and desires of the King.

When the first opposition made to acknowledging this pretender to the English crown was set aside, other difficulties ensued. Some of the counsellors were for making hard conditions with the young Duke, saying, that half a kingdom were gift enough to a Prince Lackland: a golden opportunity was this, they averred, to slice away a bonny county or two from wide England; he whom they gifted with the rest could hardly say them nay. But James was indignant at the base proposal, and felt mortified and vexed when obliged to concede in part, and to make conditions which he thought hard with his guest. After a noisy debate, these propositions were drawn out, and York was invited to attend the council, where they were submitted for his assent.

These conditions principally consisted in the surrender of Berwick, and the promised payment of a hundred thousand marks. They were hard; for it would touch the new monarch's

honour not to dismember his kingdom; and it were his policy not to burthen himself with a debt which his already oppressed subjects must be drawn on to pay. The Duke asked for a day for consideration, which was readily granted.

With real zeal for his cause on one side, and perfect confidence in his friends' integrity on the other, these difficulties became merely nominal, and the treaty was speedily arranged. But the month of September was near its close; a winter campaign would be of small avail: money, arms, and trained men, were wanting. The winter was to be devoted to preparation; with the spring the Scottish army was to pass the English border. In every discussion, in every act, James acted as his guest's brother, the sharer of his risks and fortunes: one will, one desire, was theirs. Sir Patrick Hamilton went into the west to raise levies: no third person interposed between them. It was the King's disposition to yield himself wholly up to the passion of the hour. He saw in Richard, not only a prince deprived of his own, and driven into exile, but a youth of royal lineage, exposed

to the opprobrium of nick-names and the accusation of imposture. The King of France acknowledged, but he had deserted him; the Archduke had done the same: how could James prove that he would not follow in these steps? He levied the armies of his kingdom in his favour; he was to fight and conquer for him next spring. The intervening months were intolerable to the fervent spirit of the Stuart—something speedy, something now, he longed, he resolved to do; which, with a trumpet-note, should to all corners of the world declare, that he upheld Richard of York's right—that he was his defender, his champion. Once he penned a universal challenge, then another specially addressed to Henry Tudor; but his invasion were a better mode than this. Should he give him rank in Scotland?—that would ill beseem one who aspired to the English crown. Should he proclaim him Richard the Fourth in Edinburgh?—York strongly objected to this. Money?—it were a base gilding; besides, James was very poor, and had melted down his plate, and put his jewels to pawn, to furnish forth the in-

tended expedition. Yet there was one way, —the idea was as lightning—James felt satisfied and proud; and then devoted all his sagacity, all his influence, all his ardent soul, to the accomplishment of a plan, which, while it ensured young Richard's happiness, stamp'd him indelibly as being no vagabond impostor, but the honoured prince, the kinsman and ally of Scotland's royal house.

King James and the Duke of York had ridden out to inspect a Lowland regiment, which the Earl of Angus proudly displayed as the force of the Douglas. As they returned, James was melancholy and meditative. "It is strange and hard to endure," he said at last, fixing on his companion his eyes at once so full of fire and thought, "when two spirits contend within the little microcosm of man. I felt joy at sight of those bold followers of the Douglas, to think that your enemy could not resist them; but I do myself foolish service, when I place you on the English throne. You will leave us, my Lord: you will learn in your bonny realm to despise our barren wilds: it will

be irksome to you in prosperity, to think of your friends of the dark hour."

There was sincerity in these expressions, but exaggeration in the feelings that dictated them. Richard felt half-embarrassed, in spite of gratitude and friendship. The King, following the bent of his own thoughts, not those of others, suddenly continued: "Our cousin Kate at last finds grace in your eyes; is she not good and beautiful, all cold and passionless as she is?"

"Cold!" the Lady Katherine, whose heart felt sympathy, was a sunny clime in which he basked—whose sensibility perpetually varied the bright expression of her features—York repeated the word in astonishment.

"Thou findest her wax?" enquired James, smiling; "by my troth, she has proved but marble before."

"I cannot guess even at your meaning," replied York, with all the warmth of a champion; "the lady is in the estimation of all, in your own account, the best daughter, the most devoted friend, the kindest mistress in the world. How can we call that spirit cold, which animates

her to these acts? It is not easy to perform, as she does, our simplest duties. How much of self-will, of engrossing humour, even of our innocent desires and cherished tastes, must we not sacrifice, when we devote ourselves to the pleasure and service of others? How much attention does it not require, how sleepless a feeling of interest, merely to perceive and understand the moods and wishes of those around us! An inert, sluggish nature, half ice, half rock, cannot do this. To achieve it, as methinks your fair kinswoman does, requires all her understanding, all her sweetness, all that exquisite tact and penetrative feeling I never saw but in her."

"I am glad you say this," said James. "Yes; Kate has a warm heart: none has a better right to say so than I. There are—there were times; for the gloom of the dark hour is somewhat mitigated—when no priest, no penance, had such power over me as my cousin Katherine's sweet voice. Like a witch she dived into the recesses of my heart, plucking thence my unholy distrust in God's mercy. By St. Andrew! when

I look at her, all simple and gentle as she is, I wonder in what part of her resides the wisdom and the eloquence I have heard fall from her lips; nor have I had the heart to reprove her, when I have been angered to see our cousin Sir Patrick driven mad by her sugared courtesies."

"Does she not affect Sir Patrick?" asked Richard, while he wondered at the thrilling sensation of fear that accompanied his words.

"'Yea, heartily,' she will reply," replied the King; "'Would you have me disdain our kinsman?'" She asks when I rail; but you, who are of gender masculine, though, by the mass! a smooth specimen of our rough kind, know full well that pride and impertinence are better than equable, smiling, impenetrable sweetness. Did the lady of my love treat me thus, 'sdeath, I think I should order myself the rack for pastime. But we forget ourselves; push on, dear Prince. It is the hour, when the hawks and their fair mistresses are to meet us on the hill's side. I serve no such glassy damsel; nor would I that little Kennedy's eye darted fires on

me in scorn of my delay. Are not my pretty Lady Jane's eyes bright, Sir Duke?"

"As a fire-fly among dark-leaved myrtles."

"Or a dew-drop on the heather, when the morning sun glances on it, as we take our mountain morning-way to the chace. You look grave, my friend; surely her eyes are nought save as nature's miracle to you?"

"Assuredly not," replied York; "are they other to your Majesty—you do not love the lady?"

"Oh, no," reiterated James with a meaning glance, "I do not love the Lady Jane; only I would bathe in fire, bask in ice, do each and every impossibility woman's caprice could frame for trials to gain—but I talk wildly to a youthful sage. Say, most revered anchorite, wherefore doubt you my love to my pretty mistress?"

"Love!" exclaimed Richard; his eyes grew lustrous in their own soft dew as he spoke. "Oh, what profanation is this! And this you think is love? to select a young, innocent and beauteous girl—who, did she wed her equal, would become an honoured wife and happy

mother—to select her, the more entirely to deprive her of these blessings—to bar her out for ever from a woman's paradise, a happy home; you, who even now are in treaty for a princess-bride, would entice this young thing to give up her heart, her all, into your hands, who will crush it, as boys a gaudy butterfly when the chace is over. Dear my Lord, spare her the pain, yourself, remorse; you are too good, too wise, too generous, to commit this deed and not to suffer bitterly.”

A cloud came over James's features. The very word ‘remorse’ was a sound of terror to him. He smote his right hand against his side, where dwelt his heart in sore neighbourhood to the iron of his penance.

At this moment, sweeping down the near hill-side, came a gallant array of ladies and courtiers. The King even lagged behind; when near, he accosted Katherine, he spoke to the Earl of Angus, to Mary Boyd, to all save the Lady Jane, who first looked disdainful, then hurt, and at last, unable to struggle with her pain, rode sorrowfully apart. James tried to see, to

feel nothing. Her pride he resisted ; her anger he strove to contemn, her dejection he could not endure : and, when riding up to her unaware, he saw the traces of tears on her cheek, usually so sunny bright with smiles, he forgot every thing save his wish to console, to mollify, to cheer her. As they returned, his hand was on her saddle-bow, his head bent down, his eyes looking into hers, and she was smiling, though less gay than usual. From that hour James less coveted the Prince's society. He began a little to fear him : not the less did he love and esteem him ; and more, far more did he deem him worthy of the honour, the happiness he intended to bestow upon him.

CHAPTER XIII.

She is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
Their water nectar, and the rocks pure gold !

SHAKSPEARE.

THE threads were spun, warp and woof laid on, and Fate busily took up the shuttle, which was to entwine the histories of two beings, at whose birth pomp and royalty stood sponsors, whose career was marked by every circumstance that least accorded with such a nativity. A thousand obstacles stood in the way; the King, with all his fervour, hesitated before he proposed to the Earl of Huntley to bestow his daughter, of whom he was justly proud, on a fugitive

sovereign, without a kingdom, almost without a name. Fortune, superstition, ten thousand of those imperceptible threads which fate uses when she weaves her most indissoluble webs, all served to bring about the apparently impossible.

The Earl of Huntley was a man of plain, straightforward, resolved ambition. His head was warm, his heart cold, his purpose one—to advance his house, and himself as the head of it, to as high a situation as the position of subject would permit. In the rebellion which occasioned the death of James the Third, he had vacillated, unable quite to ascertain which party would prove triumphant; and when the rebels, rebels then no more, but lieges to James the Fourth, won the day, they looked coldly on their lukewarm partizan. Huntley grew discontented: though still permitted to hold the baton of Earl Marshal, he saw a cloud of royal disfavour darkening his fortunes; in high indignation he joined in the nefarious plot of Buchan, Bothwell, and Sir Thomas Todd, to deliver his sovereign into the hands of Henry of England, a project afterwards abandoned.

Time had softened the bitter animosities which attended James at the beginning of his reign. He extended his favour to all parties, and reconciled them to each other. A wonder it was, to see the Douglas's, Hamiltons, Gordons, Homes, the Murrays, and Lennoxes, and a thousand others, at peace with each other, and obedient to their sovereign. The Earl of Huntley, a man advanced in life, prudent, resolute and politic, grew into favour. He was among the principal of the Scottish peers; he had sons to whom the honours of his race would descend; and this one daughter, whom he loved as well as he could love any thing, and respected from the extent of her influence and the perfect prudence of her conduct, she was his friend and counsellor, the mediator between him and her brothers; the kind mistress to his vassals; a gentle, but all powerful link between him and his king, whose value he duly appreciated.

Her marriage was often the subject of his meditation. Superstition was ever rife in Scotland. James the Third had driven all

his brothers from him, because he had been told to beware of one near of kin; and his death, of which his son was the ostensible agent, fulfilled the prophecy. Second-sight in the Highlands was of more avail than the predictions of a lowland sibyl. The seer of the house of Gordon had, on the day of her birth, seen the Lady Katherine receive homage as a Queen, and standing at the altar with one on whose young brow he perceived all dim and shadowy, "the likeness of a kingly crown." True, this elevation was succeeded by disasters: he had beheld her a fugitive; he saw her stand on the brow of a cliff that overlooked the sea, while the wild clouds careered over the pale moon, alone, deserted; he saw her a prisoner; he saw her stand desolate beside the corpse of him she had wedded—the diadem was still there, dimly seen amid the disarray of his golden curls. These images haunted the Earl's imagination, and made him turn a slighting ear to Sir Patrick Hamilton and other noble suitors of his lovely child. Sometimes he thought of the King, her cousin, or one of his brothers: flight, desolation and

death were no strange attendants on the state of the King of Scotland, and these miseries he regarded as necessary and predestined; he could not avert, and so he hardly regarded them, while his proud bosom swelled at the anticipation of the thorny diadem which was to press the brow of a daughter of the Gordon.

Lord Huntley had looked coldly on the English Prince. Lord Bothwell, as he called himself, otherwise Sir John Ramsay of Balmaine, his former accomplice, tampered with him on the part of Henry the Seventh, to induce him to oppose warmly the reception of this "feigned boy," and to negative every proposition to advance his claims. King Henry's urgent letters, and Ramsay's zeal, awakened the Earl's suspicions; a manifest impostor could hardly engender such fears, such hate; and, when midnight assassination, or the poisoned bowl were plainly hinted at by the monarch of wide England, Huntley felt assured that the enemy he so bitterly pursued was no pretender, but the rightful heir of the sceptre Henry held. He did not quite refuse to join with Bothwell, especially

when he heard that he was listened to by the Bishop of Moray and the Earl of Buchan; but involuntarily he assumed a different language with regard to York, became more respectful to him, and by his demeanour crushed at once the little party who had hitherto spoken of him with contempt. The King perceived this change; it was the foundation-stone of his project. "Tell me, you who are wise, my lord," said the Monarch to his Eárl Marshal, "how I may raise our English Prince in the eyes of Scotland. We fight for him in the spring, for him, we say: but few of ours echo the word; they disdain to fight for any not akin to them."

"They would fight for the Foul Fiend," said Huntley, "whom they would be ill-pleased to call cousin, if he led them over the English border."

"Aye, if he took them there to foray; but the Duke of York will look on England as his own, and when the nobles of the land gather round him, it will be chauncy work to keep them and our Scots from shedding each other's blood;

they would spill Duke Richard's like water, if no drop of it can be deemed Scotch."

"It were giving him a new father and mother," replied the Earl, "to call him thus."

"When two even of hostile houses intermarry, our heralds pale their arms; the offspring pale their blood."

"But what Scottish lady would your Grace bestow on him whose rank were a match for royalty? There is no Princess of the Stuarts."

"And were there," asked James quickly, "would it beseem us to bestow our sister on a King Lackland?"

"Or would your Majesty wait till he were King of England, when France, Burgundy and Spain would compete with you? I do believe that this noble gentleman has fair right to his father's crown; he is gallant and generous, so is not King Henry; he is made to be the idol of a warlike people, such as the English, so is not his rival. Do you strike one stroke, the whole realm rises for him, and he becomes its sovereign: then it were a pride and a glory for us, for him a tie to bind him for ever, did he

place his diadem on the head of a Scottish damsel."

"You are sanguine and speak warmly," replied the King: "see you beyond your own words? to me they suggest a thought which I entertain, or not, as is your pleasure: there is but one lady in our kingdom fitting mate for him, and she is more Gordon than Stuart. Did your Lordship glance at the Lady Katherine in your speech?"

Lord Huntley changed colour: a sudden rush of thought palsied the beatings of his heart. Was he called upon to give his child, his throne-destined daughter, to this king-errant? Nay, nay, thus did fortune blindly work; her hand would insure to him the crown, and so fulfil to her the dark meaning of the seer: hesitating, lost to his wonted presence of mind, Huntley could only find words to ask for a day for reflection. James wondered at this show of emotion; he could not read its full meaning: "At your pleasure, my Lord," he said, "but, if you decide against my honoured, royal friend,

remember that this question dies without record—you will preserve our secret.”

Every reflection that could most disquiet an ambitious man possessed the Earl Marshal. That his daughter should be Queen of England was beyond his hopes; that she should be the errant wife of a pretender, who passed his life in seeking ineffectual aid at foreign courts, was far beneath them. He canvassed every likelihood of York's success; now they dwindled like summer-snow on the southern mountain's side—now they strode high and triumphant over every obstacle; the clinging feeling was—destiny had decreed it—she being his wife, both would succeed and reign. “There is fate in it,” was his last reflection, “and I will not gainsay the fulfilment. Andrew of the Shawe was the Prince of Seers, as I have good proof. Still to a monarch alone shall she give her hand, and I must make one condition.”

This one condition Lord Huntley communicated to his royal master. It was that York should, as of right he might, assume the style and title of King. James smiled at his Earl

Marshal's childish love of gauds, and did not doubt that the Duke would pay so easy price for a jewel invaluable as Katherine. But granting this, the King, knowing the noble's despotic character, required one condition also on his part, that he should first announce the intended union to the lady, and that it should not have place without her free and entire consent. Huntley was surprised; "Surely my liege," he began, "if your Majesty and I command—"

"Our sweet Kate will obey," interrupted James; "but this is no mere marriage of policy; hazards, fearful hazards may attend it. Did I not believe that all would end well, by the Holy Rood he should not have her; but she may see things with different eyes—she may shrink from becoming the wife of an exile, a wanderer without an home: yet that need never be."

York little guessed the projects of his royal friend. Love, in its most subtle guise, had insinuated itself into his soul, becoming a very portion of himself. That part of our nature, which to our reflections appears the most human, and

yet which forms the best part of humanity, is our desire of sympathy; the intense essence of sympathy, is love. Love has been called selfish, engrossing, tyrannic—as the root, so the green leaf that shoots from it—love is a part of us—it is our manifestation of life; and poisonous or sweet will be the foliage, according to the stock. When we love, it is our aim and conclusion to make the object a part of ourselves—if we are self-willed and evilly inclined, little good can arise; but deep is the fount of generous, devoted, godlike feeling, which this silver key unlocks in gentle hearts. Richard had found in the Lady Katherine a magic mirror, which gave him back himself, arrayed with a thousand alien virtues; his soul was in her hands, plastic to her fairy touch, and tenderness and worship and wonder took his heart, ere passion woke, and threw a chain over these bosom guests, so that they could never depart. A mild, yet golden light dawned upon his soul, and beamed from it, lighting up creation with splendour—filling his mind with mute, yet entrancing melody. He walked in a dream; but far from being

rendered by his abstraction morose or inattentive to others, never had he been so gay, never so considerate and amiable. He felt that, beneath the surface of his life, there was the calm and even the bliss of paradise; and his lightest word or act must be, by its grace and benevolence, in concord with the tranquil spirit that brooded over his deeper-hidden self. All loved him the better for the change, save Frion; there was something in him that the wily Frenchman did not understand; he went about and about, but how could this man of "low-thoughted care" understand the holy mysteries of love.

Katherine accompanied her father to Gordon Castle, in Aberdeenshire. Where was the light now, that had made a summer noon in Richard's soul? There was memory: it brought before him her cherub-face, her voice, the hours when at her side he had poured out his overbrimming soul in talk—not of love, but of ideas, feelings, imaginations he had never spoken before. Two days past, and by that time he had collected a whole volume of things he wished to say—and she was far: then hope claimed entrance to his

heart, and with her came a train he dreamt not of—of fears, anticipations, terror, despair; and then a tenfold ardour for his enterprize. Should he not win Katherine and a kingdom?

On the third day after her departure, King James informed the Prince, that Lord Huntley had invited them to visit him at his castle. "Will your Grace venture," he asked, "so far into the frozen circles of the icy North? You will traverse many a savage defile and wild mountain-top; torrents and dark pine forests bar the way, and barrenness spreads her hag's arms to scare the intruder. I speak your language, the effeminate language of an Andalusian, who loves the craggy heights, only when summer basks upon them; and the deep sunless dell, when myrtles and geranium impregnate the air with sweets. I love the mist and snow, the tameless winds and howling torrent, the bleak unadorned precipice, the giant pines where the North makes music. The grassy upland and the corn-field, these belong to man, and to her they call Nature, the fair, gaudy dame; but God takes to himself, and lives among, these sublime rocks,

where power, majesty and eternity are shaped forth, and the grandeur of heaven-piercing cliffs allies us to a simple but elevating image of the Creator.”

King James was a poet, and could feel thus—York might smile at his enthusiasm for the bleak and horrific. But had the path to Gordon Castle been ten times more frightful, the thoughts of love were roses, the hopes of love vernal breezes, to adorn it with beauty. “Say, my Lord,” continued James, “shall we go, throwing aside the cumbrous burthen of pomp? We are here in Perth. Yonder, over those peaks, lies our direct path. Shall we, two woodland rovers, with bows in our hand and quivers at our back, take our solitary way through the wild region? It is my pastime oftentimes so to do; and well I know the path that leads me to the abode of my cousin Kate. We will send our attendants by the easier path to the eastern sea-shore, at once to announce our approach, and bear such gear as we may need, not to play too humble a part in Huntley’s eyes.”

A thousand motives of policy and pride had induced the Earl to desire that this marriage should be celebrated in the Highlands. Here he would appear almost a sovereign to his royal son-in-law; here also he should avoid the sarcasms of the Tudor party, and the anger of those who had pretended to fair Katherine's hand. James consented to his wish, and now led his friend and guest, through the very heart of his craggy kingdom over the Grampians, towards Aberdeen. It was the end of October; a few sweet autumnal days still lingered among these northern hills, as if to light on their way the last feathered migrators, hastening towards the south; but dark mists invested their morning progress. The rivers were swollen; and the mountain peaks often saluted the rising sun, garmented in radiant snow. It was a little drear, yet grand, sublime, wondrous. York suppressed his chilling distaste, till it grew into admiration; the King played the guide featly; and the honoured name of the Bruce, which peopled this region with proud memories, was the burthen of many a tale; nor was his account

of the fierce people of these wilds unwelcome to a warrior. York remarked that the King was generally known to them, not, indeed, as a monarch, but as a hunter, a traveller, sometimes as a skilful mediciner, or as a bard, and always hospitably received.

After three days they drew near their journey's end: curiosity as to the cause of their visit, anxiety concerning his reception, all faded in Richard's heart; dimmed by the glad expectation of seeing her again, who had dawned, the glowing orient of his darkened heart. They had departed from their rude shelter before the sun rose: the mountain peaks were awake with day, while night still slumbered in the plain below: some natural sights speak to the heart more than others, wherefore we know not: the most eloquent is that of the birth of day on the untrodden hill-tops, while we who behold it, are encompassed by shadows. York paused: the scene appeared to close in on him, and to fill him, even to overflowing, with its imagery. They were toiling up the mountain's side: below, above, the dark pines, in many a tortuous

shape, clung to the rifted rocks; the fern clustered round some solitary old oak; while, beetling over, were dark frowning crags, or the foldings of the mountains, softened into upland, painted by the many coloured heather. With the steady pace of a mountaineer, King James breasted the hill-side; nor did York bely his rugged Spanish home. As a bravado, the King in the very sheer ascent trolled a ballad, a wild Scottish song, and Richard answered by a few notes of a Moorish air. A voice seemed to answer him, not an echo, for it was not his own, but taking the thrilling sweetness of Monina's tones. Ah! ungentle waves, and untaught winds, whither bear ye now the soft nursling of Andalusia? Such a thought darkened York's brow; when the King, pausing in his toil, leaned against a jutting crag—both young, both gallant, both so noble and so beautiful; of what could they think—of what speak? Not of the well governed realm of the one, nor the yet unconquered kingdom of the other; of such they might have spoken among statesmen and warriors, in palaces or on the battle plain; but here, in this wild

solitude, the vast theatre whose shifting scenes and splendid decorations were the clouds, the mountain, the forest and the wave, where man stood, not as one of the links of society, forced by his relative position to consider his station and his rank, but as a human being, animated only by such emotions as were the growth of his own nature—of what should they speak—the young, the beautiful—but love!

“Tell me, gentle Cavalier,” cried James suddenly; “hast thou ever been in love? Now would I give my jewel-hilted dagger to tear thy secret from thee,” continued the King laughing; for York’s eyes had flashed with sudden light, and then fell downcast. Where were his thoughts? at his journey’s goal, or on the ocean sea? If he smiled, it was for Kate; but the tear that glittered on his long eyelashes, spoke of his Spanish maid. Yet it was not the passion of love that he now felt for his childhood companion; it was tenderness, a brother’s care, a friend’s watchfulness, all that man can feel for woman, unblended with the desire of making her his; but gratitude and distance had

so blended and mingled his emotions, that thus addressed, he almost felt as if he had been detected in a crime.

“ Now, by the Holy Rood, thou blushest,” said James, much amused ; “ not more deeply was fair Katherine’s cheek bedyed, when I put the self-same question to her. Does your Grace guess, wherefore we journey northwards ? ”

Richard turned an inquiring and unquiet look upon his royal companion. A kind of doubt was communicated to James’s mind ; he knew little of his friend’s former life : was it not possible that engagements were already formed, incompatible with his plans ? With some haughtiness, for his impetuous spirit ill brooked the slightest check, he disclosed the object of their visit to Castle Gordon, and the proposal he had made to the Earl to unite him in marriage to the Scottish Princess.

“ When I shall possess my kingdom—when I may name my wife, that which she is, or nothing—Queen ! ” Richard exclaimed.

“ Nay, I speak of no millenium, but of the present hour,” said James.

The enthusiastic King, bent upon his purpose, went on to speak of all the advantages that would result from this union. York's silence nettled him: the Prince's thoughts were indeed opposed to the exultation and delight which his friend had expected to see painted on his face. The first glad thought of a lover, is to protect and exalt her he loves. Katherine was a princess in her native land;—and what was he?—an outcast and a beggar—a vagabond upon the earth—a man allied to all that was magnificent in hope—to all that imagination could paint of gallant and true in himself, and devoted and noble in his friends. But these were idealities to the vulgar eye; and he had only a title as unreal as these, and a mere shadowy right, to bestow. It had been sinful even to ally Monina to his broken fortunes; but this high offspring of a palace—the very offer, generous as it was, humbled him. A few minutes' silence intervened; and, in a colder tone James was about to address him, when York gave words to all the conflicting emotions in his breast—speaking such gratitude, love, hope, and despair,

as reassured his friend, and made him the more resolve to conquer the difficulties unexpectedly given birth to by the disinterestedness of his guest.

A contest ensued; Richard deprecating the rich gift offered to him—the King warmly asserting that he must accept it. The words vagabond and outcast were treason to his friendship: if, which was impossible, they did not succeed in enforcing the rights to his ancestral kingdom, was not Scotland his home—for ever his home—if he married Katherine? And the Monarch went on to describe the happiness of their future lives—a trio bound by the ties of kindred—by affection—by the virtues, nay, even by the faults of each. He spoke also of the disturbances that so often had wrecked the fortunes of the proudest Scottish nobles, and said, that a princess of that land, united, it might be, to one of its chiefs, trimmed her bark for no summer sea. “Like these wild Highlands are our storm-nursed lives,” continued James. “By our ruder thanes the beautiful and weak are not respected; and tempest and ruin visit ever the

topmost places. Kate is familiar to such fears, or rather, to the resignation and courage such prospects may inspire. Look around on these crags! listen! the storm is rising on the hills—howling among the pines. Such has been my cousin's nursery—such the school which has made her no slave of luxury; no frail flowret, to be scared when the rough wind visits her cheek."

In such discussions the travellers beguiled the time. The day was stormy; but, eager to arrive, they did not heed its pelting. York had a sun in his own heart, that beamed on him in spite of the clouds overhead. Notwithstanding his first keen emotion of pain at the idea of linking one so lovely to his dark fate, the entrancing thought of possessing Katherine—that she had already consented to be his—animated him with delight, vague indeed; for yet he struggled against the flattering illusion.

After battling the whole day against a succession of steep acclivities, as evening drew near, the friends gained the last hill-top, and stood on its brow, overlooking a fertile plain or strath—

an island of verdure amidst the black, precipitous mountains that girdled it. The sun was hidden by the western mountains, which cast their shadow into the valley; but the clouds were dispersed, and the round full silvery moon was pacing up the eastern heaven. The plain at their feet was studded by villages, adorned by groves, and threaded by two rivers, whose high, romantic banks varied the scene. An extensive, strongly-built castle stood on the hill that overhung one of the streams, looking proudly down on this strath, which contained nearly thirty-six square miles of fertile ground. "Behold," said James, "the kingdom of Lord Huntley, where he is far more absolute than I in my bonny Edinburgh. The Gordon fought for the Bruce; and the monarch bestowed on him this fair, wide plain as his reward. Bruce flying before his enemies, on foot, almost alone, among these savage Grampians, then looked upon it as now we do."

King James's thoughts were full of that wild exhilaration of spirit, which none, save the inhabitant of a mountainous country, knows, when desolation is around—a desolation which is to

him the pledge of freedom and of power. But York had other ideas: he had been told that the Lady Katherine had yielded a willing consent to the proposal made; and she whom he had before conversed with only as a gentle friend—she, the lovely and the good—his young heart beat thick,—it had no imagery, far less words, expressive of the rapture of love, tortured by the belief that such a prize he ought to—he must—resign.

The petty tyranny of trivial circumstance often has more power over our best-judged designs, than our pride permits us to confess. From the moment York entered Castle Gordon, he found an almost invisible, but all-conquering net thrown over him. The Gordon, for thus the Earl of Huntley preferred being called, when surrounded by his clan in his northern fastness, received the Princes with barbaric, but extreme magnificence: his dress was resplendent; his followers numerous, and richly clad according to Highland ideas of pomp. But no Lady Katherine was there, and it soon became apparent that Richard was first to see her at the altar. Sounds of nuptial

festivity rang through the Castle; instead of grace or generosity attending his meditated declining of the honour, it would have borne the guise of an arrogant refusal. There was also something in the savage look of the clansmen; in the rude uncivilization of her native halls, where defence and attack formed the creed and practice of all, that reconciled him to the idea of leading her from the wild north to softer milder scenes; where every disaster wears a gentler shape; soothed, not exasperated by the ministrations of nature.

At midnight, but a very few hours after his arrival, he stood beside her in the chapel to interchange their vows. The Earl had decorated the holy place with every emblem that spoke of his own greatness, and that of his son-in-law. The style of royalty was applied to him, and the ambitious noble, "overleaping" himself, grasped with childish or savage impetuosity at the shadowy sceptre, and obscure cloud-wrapt crown of the royal exile. York, when he saw the Princess, summoned all his discernment to read content or dissatisfaction in her eyes; if any of

the latter should appear, even there he would renounce his hopes. All was calm, celestially serene. Nay, something almost of exultation struggled through the placid expression of her features, as she cast her eyes up to Heaven, till modest gentleness veiled them again, and they were bent to earth.

The generosity and pride of woman had kindled these sentiments. The Lady Katherine, a princess by birth, would scarcely have dreamed of resisting her father's behests, even if they had been in opposition to her desires; but here she was to sacrifice no inclination, nothing but prosperity; that must depart for ever she felt, she knew, when she became the bride of England's outcast Prince. Yet should aught of good and great cling to him, it was her gift; and to bestow was the passion of her guileless heart. It was not reason; it was feeling, perhaps superstition, that inspired these ideas. The seer who foretold her fortunes, had been her tutor and her poet; she believed in him, and believed that all would be accomplished; even to the

death of the beautiful and beloved being who stood in the pride and strength of youth at her side. All must be endured; for it was the will of Heaven. Meanwhile, that he should be happy during his mortal career was to be her study, her gift, the aim of her life. In consenting to be his, she also had made a condition, that, if defeat awaited his arms, and that again a wanderer he was obliged to fly before his enemies, she was not to be divided from him; if no longer here, she was to be permitted to join him; if he departed, she should accompany him.

As the priest bestowed his benediction on the illustrious and beauteous pair, a silent vow was formed in the heart of either. Doomed by his ill-fate to hardship and dependence, he would find in her a medicine for all his woes, a wife, even the better, purer part of himself, who would never suffer him to despair: but who would take the bitterer portion of his sorrow on herself, giving in return the heroism, the piety, the serene content which was the essence of her being. His

vow, it depended not on himself, poor fellow !
“ Never through me shall she suffer,” was the
fervent resolve. Alas ! as if weak mortal hands
could hold back giant Calamity, when he seizes
the heart, and rends it at his pleasure.

CHAPTER XIV.

But these are chimes for funerals : my business
 Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph ;
 For love and majesty are reconciled,
 And vow to crown thee Empress of the West.

FORD.

THE royal party returned to Edinburgh, where the nuptials of Richard of England and the Lady Katherine were celebrated with splendour. Festivities of all kinds, tournaments, hunting parties, balls, succeeded to each other; but far beyond every outward demonstration was the real happiness ensured by this marriage. Graced by Katherine, the little English court became a paradise. The Princess assumed her new character among the exiles with facility; yet the phrase is bad, for Katherine could

assume nothing, not even a virtue, if she had it not. In every position she was not princess, queen, patroness, or mistress; but woman merely—a true-hearted, gentle, refined woman. She was too young for the maternal character to be appropriate to her, yet the watchfulness and care she had for all resembled it. Her new subjects felt as if before they had been a disconnected, vagabond troop, and that dignity and station were assigned to them through her: through her the charities and elegances of life hallowed and adorned them. The quality most peculiarly her own was the divine simplicity which animated her look, her manners, her acts. Taintless simplicity, that best of fascinations, whose power is not imperious and sudden, but gradual and changeless, where every word spoken is but the genuine interpreter of the feelings of the heart, to which not only falsehood, but even the slightest disguise or affectation, is wholly foreign; and which is the more delicate, winning, and kind, from being spontaneous—so that, as in describing her, her royal cousin had said, “you almost questioned her au-

thority from its want of pretension, yet yielded to it in all its extent."

Richard's political position stood higher than ever. The ever-watchful Duchess of Burgundy had sent a renowned Burgundian captain, Sir Roderick-de-Lalayne, with two hundred German mercenaries. The King of France, at the request of Henry the Seventh, had dispatched an embassy to King James, to advise a peace between England and Scotland. The ambassador was the Sire de Concressault, York's ancient friend, who continued to espouse his cause warmly, and gave it all the grace and honour of his high influence. King James was eager to collect his army, and to prepare for an invasion. If Richard had lost any part of his open-hearted confidence and personal friendship, he had gained in his esteem and consideration. The change that had been operated was imperceptible to York, who naturally found in his marriage a barrier to the hourly intercourse they had formerly had, when both were free. Yet change there was, greater even than the King himself suspected: the causes were easily traced.

The Tudor party in Scotland, instigated by bribes and large promises, were very active in their enmity to the White Rose. They had been obliged to let the torrent of royal favour force its headlong way, but they watched the slightest pause in its flow, to throw impediments in the way of the abundant stream. Soon after his return from the North, it became apparent that the King continued no unsuccessful suitor to the Lady Jane Kennedy. This a good deal estranged him from his English friend, who no longer reprov'd, but whose tacit condemnation he feared, as well as that of his fair cousin. Nay more, Lady Jane had drawn from him the cause of their transient quarrel, and, now that she had yielded, felt angry and disdainful at the attempt made to estrange her lover. One of those lower eddies or currents of intelligence, so in use at courts, had reported an angry expression of hers to the Earl of Buchan, one of York's most active enemies. This grasping-place in their difficult way was eagerly laid hold of by the conspirators. A coalition was formed between Lady Jane and this party, which

ensured the aggravation of any ill-feeling that might arise between the late brothers in heart. Soon after another agent or tool was added to their number.

The most subtle, the most politic, the most wily, are sometimes the slaves of impulse; nay, very often those who fancy that they measure their actions the most narrowly by the rules, either of self-interest or ambition, are more easily influenced to unwise passion by any obstacle thrown in their path. The Secretary Frion had hitherto considered himself of primal import to the English Prince: no project was conceived, that was not first concocted in his brain, and insinuated by him; every new partizan had been enticed by his silvery speeches; whatever of difficult, crooked and hidden was to be done, Frion was consulted, and employed, and deeply trusted in its accomplishment. On his first arrival in Scotland, the intimacy between the King and York destroyed half his influence. James's discernment and experience was not duped by the insinuating flatteries of Frion: as a proud man he disdained, as a

conscientious and pious one, he disliked him. It was worse when Katherine's influence became paramount; she put him exactly in his right place, yet was so kind that there was no room for complaint: all his former patrons were her worshippers; her praises were re-echoed from all; and assuredly no intrigue could exist where she was. Yet it was neither comprehensible, nor to be endured, that this banished Prince and his friends should walk straight forward in their allotted route, unaided by plot or manœuvre. The subtlety of the man quickly revealed to him the existence of the opposing party; he was ready to foment it, were it only to gain reputation afterwards by its destruction. He made one step, and became the confidant of Balmayne, and apparently the tool of the higher confederates: at first he rather perplexed than served them, spinning spiders' webs in their way, and elevating himself in their eyes by brushing them off at his pleasure. He was exactly the man to shine in a dark conspiracy: soon nothing could be done but by his advice, nothing known but as he informed them, nothing

said but as he dictated. Balmayne, who, fierce and moody, entered more zealously into these discontents than any other, yet took his counsel—little knew they Maitre Etienne Frion: he only watched the while, sage fisher of men as he was, for the best opportunity of betraying them for his own advantage. In the midst of festivity, of gallant, warlike preparation, Frion had, like a witch gathering poisonous herbs by the silvery light of the quiet moon, sought to extract all that was baleful in what, but for the uses to which he strove to put it, had died innocuous.

The winter grew into spring: these were the happiest months of young Richard's life. He had traversed many a pass of danger and tract of sorrow—falsehood had blotted—loss of friends who had died for him, had darkened the past years: often during their course he had believed that he gave himself up to despair; he had fancied that he had doubted every one and every thing; he imagined that he was tired of existence—vain ideas! Sanguine, confiding, full to the very brim of that spirit of life which is

the happiness of the young, he sprung up a fresh Antæus, each time that fortune with Herculean power had thrown him to the earth. And now he congratulated himself even on every misery, every reverse, every sentiment of despondency that he experienced: they were so many links of the chain that made him what he was—the friend of James, the husband of Katherine. It was this best attribute of sunny-hearted youth, this greenness of the soul, that made Richard so frank, so noble, so generous: Care and Time had laboured in vain—no wrinkle, no deforming line marked his mind, or, that mind's interpreter, his open, candid brow.

With the spring the Scottish troops drew together, and encamped near Edinburgh. The occasion seemed seasonable; for news arrived of disturbances which had taken place in England, and which had caused Henry the Seventh to recall the Earl of Surrey, (who was conducting an army northward to oppose the expected attack from Scotland) to check and defeat enemies which had arisen in the west of his kingdom. The inhabitants of Cornwall, vexed

by increasing taxes, had long been in a state of turbulence; and now, instigated by two ring-leaders from among themselves, combined together, and rose in open and regulated rebellion—sedition, it might have been called; and had perhaps been easily crushed, but for the interference of one, who acted from designs and views which at first had made no part of the projects of the insurgents.

Lord Audley had not forgotten the White Rose. On his return westward, however, he found all so quiet, that no effort of his could rouse the rich and satisfied men of Devon, from their inglorious repose. His imprudence attracted attention; he had notice of the danger of an arrest, and suddenly resolved to quit the post he had chosen, and to join the Duke of York in Ireland. He came too late; the English squadron had sailed; and he, changeful as the winds and as impetuous, despising a danger now remote, resolved to return to England, and to Devonshire. His voyage from Cork to Bristol was sufficiently disastrous; contrary and violent winds drove him from his

course into the Atlantic ; here he beat about for several days, till the wind, shifting a point or two to the west, he began to make what sail he could in the opposite direction. Still the weather was tempestuous, and his skiff laboured frightfully amidst the stormy waves : not far from them, during the greatest fury of the gale, was a larger vessel, if such might be called the helmless, dismasted hull, tossed by the billows, the sport of the winds, as it rose and fell in the trough of the sea. At length the wind lulled ; and the captain of the caravel, which indeed might be called a wreck, lowered a boat, and came alongside Lord Audley's vessel, asking whither he was bound ? To England, was the answer ; and the vast reef of clouds lifted on the southern horizon, and showing beyond a streak of azure, gave promise of success in their voyage. The questioner, who spoke English imperfectly, went on to say, that in spite of the miserable state of the caravel, he was resolved not to desert her, but to carry her, God willing, into the nearest French port he could make. But there was on board one sick, a woman,

whom he wished to spare the dangers and privations of the voyage. Would the Commander take her to England, and bestow her in some convent, where she might be tended and kept in honourable safety? Lord Audley gave a willing consent, and the boat went off speedily, returning again with their stranger passenger. She was in the extremity of illness, even of danger, and lay, like a child, in the arms of the dark, tall, weather-beaten mariner, who, though squalid in his appearance from fatigue and want, stood as a rock that has braved a thousand storms; his muscles seemed iron—his countenance not stern; but calm and resolved—yet tenderness and softness were in the expression of his lips, as he gazed on his fragile charge, and placed her with feminine gentleness on such rude couch as could be afforded; then addressing Lord Audley, “You are an Englishman,” he said, “perhaps a father?”

“I am an English noble,” replied the other; “confide in my care, my honour; but, to be doubly sure, if you feel distrust, remain with us; yonder wreck will not weather another night.”

“She has seen the suns of two worlds,” said the sailor proudly, “and the Blessed Virgin has saved her at a worse hazard; if she perish now, it were little worth that her old captain survived; better both go down, ‘as, if not now, some day we shall, together. I will confide my poor child to you, my Lord. If she recover, she has friends in England; she would gain them, even if she had them not. Not one among your boasted island-women is more lovely or more virtuous, than my poor, my much-suffering Monina.”

Lord Audley renewed his protestations. De Faro listened with the ingenuous confidence of a sailor; he placed several caskets and a well-filled bag of gold in the noble’s hand, saying, “The Adalid fills a-pace. You but rob the ocean. If my child survives, you can give her the treasure you disdain. If she does”—and he bent over her; she almost seemed to sleep, so oppressed was she by feebleness and fever. A tear fell from the father’s eye upon her brow: “And she will; Saint Mary guide us, we shall again.”

Such was the strange drama acted on the wide boundless sea. Such the chances that restored the high-minded Andalusian to England, to the White Rose, to all the scenes, to every hope and fear which she had resolved to abandon for ever. For good or ill, we are in the hands of a superior power :

“ There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

We can only resolve, or rather endeavour, to act our parts well, such as they are allotted to us. Little choice have we to seek or to eschew our several destinations.

With Monina at his side, and his own restless ambition as a spur, it may be easily imagined what Lord Audley’s projects were in joining the Cornish insurgents. He led them from the Western extremity of the island towards Kent, where he hoped to find the seeds of rebellion to Lancaster, which he had sown the year before, ripened into harvest. News of the unimpeded march of the insurgents from Cornwall to the neighbourhood of London was brought to Edin-

burgh, freshening the zeal and animating the preparations for war.

Already the Scottish army was encamped south of Edinburgh. The English troops set up their tents among them. The day was fixed for the departure of the King, the Prince, and the noble leaders. They quitted Edinburgh in all the pompous array of men assured of victory. James loved the hopes and stirring delights of war : Richard saw his every good in life dependent on this expedition, and fostered sanguine expectation of triumph. The burning desire of asserting himself, of rewarding his faithful friends, of decorating Katherine with the rank and honours due to her—the belief that he should achieve all this—gave dignity, and even gladness, to his last adieu to his lovely wife. Her heart mirrored his hopes ; not that she entertained them for her own, but for his sake : yet the quicker sensibilities of a woman imparted fears unknown to him. She concealed them, till when, as her last office and duty, she had fastened an embroidered scarf around him. Softly, whisperingly, as fearful of paining him,

she said, "You will return—you have a kingdom here: though England prove false, you must not disdain to be sole monarch of Katherine."

These words had been spoken—earl, baron, and gallant knight thronged the courts of Holyrood. There was the sound of warlike trump and the streaming of painted banners, among which that of the White Rose waved conspicuous. The King vaulted on his saddle; the Prince of England rode at his side. He was surrounded by the rude northern warlike chiefs, ancient enemies of his native land, whose fierce eyes were lighted up by the expectation of meeting their old adversaries in the field; could he fancy that, through such aid, he might win back the crown usurped from him?

King James and Richard rode side by side. At this moment, when the one was spending the riches of his kingdom and the lives of his subjects for the other's sake, while the hearts of both were softened by regret for their abandoned home, and both anticipated the joys of victory or perils of defeat to be shared between them, the

sentiment of friendship was rekindled. Never had they been more cordial, more confidential, more happy in each other's society. After several hours' ride, the short spring day declined to evening, which was accompanied by a drizzling rain: the bad roads, and the darkness impeded their progress; and it was night before the twinkling camp-lights appeared in the distance, and the hum of men was heard. To the right of the camp, surrounded by the tents of his nobles, the royal pavilion was pitched. On their arrival the Earl of Buchan was in readiness to hold the King's stirrup. "Nay," said James, "first we will see our royal guest lodged: where is the tent of his Grace of England? we commanded it to be pitched in close neighbourhood to our own."

"Please you, my liege," said Buchan, "Lord Moray gave direction it should be placed out of our line; it is set up a mile eastward of us."

"My uncle forgot himself; and you also, Sir Earl, were bound rather to obey our order," said the King.

“There were reasons,” returned Buchan: “your Majesty, I dare aver, will approve the change, and his Highness of England also. There was a brawl between the Scottish borderers and the English; blood has been shed. We feared that the peace of the encampment, not to say the life of his Highness, would be endangered if he were in the midst of our savage Southrons.”

“I like not this,” said James moodily, “but it is too late to change to-night. The rain-drops begin to freeze upon my hair; your Highness would rather be in your tent, far though it be from mine, than quarrel about its position at this inclement hour. Lord Buchan, you will attend him thither. Prince, good night; to-morrow we will be more brotherly in our fashion; now the fiat of my Lord of Moray must be obeyed.”

The King dismounted and entered his pavilion: as the cloth was raised, a blazing fire, the apparel of silver flagons and golden cups, the trim appearance of silken-suited pages were visible, making strong contrast with the cheerless

blank without. One slight glimpse revealed the cause, and partly excused the inhospitality of James, in not inviting his guest to partake his warm cheer. One in a kirtle sat somewhat retired from view; the quick motion of her head, the glance of her dark eye, showed that the monarch had been impatiently expected, and was gladly welcomed by the lovely daughter of the Earl of Cassils.

Lord Buchan accompanied Richard, Lord Barry, and Plantagenet, to their quarters; talking, as he went, of the contention, which had terminated fatally to several. They rode down the elevated ground on which the King's tent was placed, over a plashy low plain, through a little wood of stunted larch, across a narrow dell, in whose bottom a brook struggled and murmured; to the acclivity on the other side, on which the tents of the English troops were pitched: considerably apart from the rest was Richard's own pavilion: all looked tranquil and even desolate, compared to the stirring liveliness of the Scotch camp. Richard was received by Sir George Neville, who looked more than usually

cold and haughty as he bent to Lord Buchan's salutation: the Scotchman uttered a hasty good night, galloped down the upland, and across the dell, and was lost to sight in the wood.

"What means this, Sir George?" was the Prince's first remark: "what discipline is yours?—brawling and bloodshed with our allies!"

"Did your Highness name them our enemies," said Neville, "it were more appropriate. Suspend your displeasure, I beseech you, until I can lay before you the reality of what you name a brawl; my honour, and I fear all our safeties are concerned in the discovery. Now, your Grace is wet and fatigued, you will repose."

Richard desired solitude, not rest: he wished to be alone; for a thousand intricate ideas possessed him, clamouring to be attended to. He dismissed his friends. Frion only remained—Frion, who lately had almost become surly, but who was now smooth, supple as ever; his eye twinkling as of yore, and his ready laugh—that most characteristic part of him—again showing

the old secretary returned. To the Prince's warm heart the appearance of discontent and moodiness was peculiarly grating; the smile or frown even of Frion had power over him; and he felt grateful to the man for his glossy and satisfactory speeches, now that, spite of himself, a feeling—it was not fear, but an anticipation of evil—disturbed his mind.

At length, he dismissed him; yet still he felt utterly disinclined for sleep. For some time he paced his tent; images of war and battle floated before him—and then the vision of an angel with golden hair came, not to calm, but to trouble him with unquiet regret. In vain he strove to awaken the flock of gentle thoughts that usually occupied him; his ideas seemed wolf-visaged; unreal howlings and cries rung in his ears. This unusual state of mind was intolerable: he folded his cloak round him, and stepped into his outer tent. Frion, two pages, and his esquire, were to occupy it; but he found it solitary. This seemed a little strange; but it was early yet. He lifted the outer cloth; a sentinel was duly at his post; the prince saluted him, and passed

on. The fitful winds of spring had dispersed the storm : the scarcely waning moon, encircled by the dark clear ether, was in the east ; her yellow light filled the atmosphere, and lay glowing on the trees and little hill-side. The Prince stept onwards, down the declivity, across the dell, into the wood. He thought he heard voices ; or was it only the swinging branches of the pines ? The breeze raised his hair and freshened his brow. Still he walked on, till now he came in view of the Scottish camp, which lay tranquil as sheep in a fold, the moon's bright eye gazing on it. The sight brought proud Granada and all its towers, with the Christian camp sleeping at her feet, before his mind ; and he still lingered. Now the tramp of horses became audible : a troop wound down the hill : the leader stopt, exclaiming, in some wonder, " My Lord of York ! does your Highness need any service ? do you bend your steps to the royal tent ? "

" I blush to answer, Sir Patrick," replied the Prince ; " for you will scoff at me as the moon's minion : I came out but to visit her. Yet a

knight need not feel shame at loitering beneath her ray, dreaming of his lady-love. You are more actively employed?"

"I was on my way to your Highness's encampment," replied the Knight. "His Majesty is not quite satisfied with Lord Buchan's report, and sent but now his esquire to me, to bid me visit it. With your good leave, I will escort you thither."

CHAPTER XV.

Traitor, what hast thou done? how ever may
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayed
 Against that knight? Harrow and weal-away!
 After so wicked deed why liv'st thou longer day!

SPENSER.

WHEN he had been dismissed by his royal master, Frion called aside the esquire, and sent him on an errand, it would seem of some import and distance; for the youth uttered a few forcible interjections, and with a lowering brow drew on the riding-boots he had just doffed, muttering, "I must treat my horse better than my Lord treats me; so, master, seek a fresh steed. By my fay! this is to become a Squire of

Dames—a love-token to the Duchess, in good hour !”

Having got rid of this young gentleman, Frion's next care was to give distant employment to the pages, saying he would wait their return. But scarcely had they entered the most crowded part of the camp, before with quick cautious steps the secretary took the same path which the Prince trod half an hour later—he crossed the dell, and arriving at the little wood of larches; instead of traversing, he skirted it, till the gentle eminence on which the English camp was pitched, grew higher and more abrupt, the murmuring brook took the guise of a brawling torrent, grey rocks peeped out from the soil, and the scene became wilder and more mountainous: he walked on, till he arrived where a rustic bridge spanned the stream—under its shadow were three horsemen, two of whom dismounted, and a tall servitor held the bridles. One of these men Frion knew at once to be him, who called himself Lord Bothwell, King Henry's spy, and Richard's fierce, motiveless, but ruthless enemy; the other—his bonnet was drawn

over his brow—a cloak obscured his person. Frion's quick eyes scrutinized it vainly, for the moon, cloudy at intervals, gave uncertain light; besides, the man had stationed himself within the deepest shadow of the bridge.

“Good befall your watch,” said Frion; “your worship is before your time.”

“Is not all ready?” asked Balmayne.

“That question is mine,” replied the other. “You know our treaty—not a hair of my Lord's head must be injured.”

“Tush! tush! fear not, good conscience-stickler,” replied Bothwell with a contemptuous laugh; “no ill will befall the boy; we but ferry him over the Tweed a few hours earlier than he dreamed of, and land him all gently on the shore he seeks. As for thy reward, I have said, name it thyself.”

“Fair words are these, Sir John Ramsay,” said Frion; “but I said before, I must have surer pledge, both for my reward and my Lord's safety. King Henry will haggle about payment when the work is done, and the steel you wear is a toper in its way.”

“How now, Sir Knave,” cried Balmayne; “thinkest thou that I will turn midnight stabber!”

The man in the cloak started at these words. He uttered some sound, but again drew back; while the person who continued on horseback, said, and his voice was that of the Bishop of Moray, King James’s uncle, “A truce to this contention, Master Good-fellow—whatever thy name be: I will answer for thy pay, and here is earnest of my truth.” He threw a purse at Frion’s feet—“The peace of two kingdoms—the honour of a royal, too long dishonoured house are at stake. No time is this to squabble for marks, or the paltry life of a base impostor. I, a prince of Scotland, avouch the deed. It were more friendly, methinks, to unlock his life with the steel key of our friend Wiatt, than to devote him to the gallows. Let Scotland be rid of him, I reckon not how.”

Again Frion fixed his eyes on the other—the clouds had fallen low in the sky; the moon was clear; the western breeze murmured among the bushes and the trees, and the beams of the

silvery planet played upon the unquiet waters. "We have no time for delay, Sir John," said Frion, "prithee introduce me to our fellow labourer—this is the King's emissary? You call yourself Wiatt, master Black Cloak?"

The other made a gesture of impatience as he stepped aside. Balmayne and Moray discoursed aside, till the former bade the Secretary lead on—as they went, the Scotchman and Frion conversed in whispers concerning their plans, while their companion followed as if doggedly. Once he cast an impatient glance at the moon—Frion caught that look. "Have I found you, good friend," he thought; "then by our Lady of Embrun, you shall acquit you of the debt I claim this night."

With quicker steps the Provençal proceeded, till they reached the opening of the valley, and came opposite the slope on which the English camp was pitched. Furthest off and far apart was the royal pavilion, the banner of England flapping in the breeze, and this the only sign of life—but for this, the white silent tents looked like vast druidical stones piled upon a wild

moor. They paused—"I must go first," said Frion; "we have wasted more time than I counted for—you will await me here."

"Listen, Master Frion," said Balmayne. "I would hardly trust you, but that I think you are a wise man; silver angels and golden marks, as a wise man, you will love: one thing you will hardly seek, a shroud of moonbeams, a grave in the vulture's maw. Look ye, one soars above even now; he scents dainty fare: twenty true men are vowed that he shall sup on thee, if thou art foresworn: thou wilt give some signal, when all is ready."

"That were difficult," said Frion; "I will return anon if there be any let to your enterprise; else, when the shadow of that tall larch blackens the white stone at your feet, come up without fear: have ye bonds ready for your prisoner?"

"An adamant chain—away!" Frion cast one more glance at him called Wiatt. "It is even he, I know him, by that trick of his neck; his face was ever looking sideways:" thus assured, the Frenchman ascended the hill. Balmayne watched him, now visible, and now half

hid by the deceptive light, till he entered the folds of the pavilion; and then he glanced his eyes upon the shadow of the tree, yet far from the white stone; and then paced the sward, as if disdaining to hold commune with Wiatt. Whatever thoughts possessed this hireling's breast he made no sign, but stood motionless as a statue; his arms folded, his head declined upon his breast. He was short, even slight in make, his motionless, half-shrinking attitude contrasted with the striding pace and the huge, erect form of the borderer. Who that had looked down upon these two figures, sole animations visible on the green earth beneath the moon's bright eye, would have read villany and murder in their appearance; the soft sweet night seemed an antidote to savageness, yet neither moon nor the sleeping face of beauteous earth imparted any gentleness to the Scot; he saw neither, except when impatiently he glanced at the slow-crawling shadow, and the moonlight sleeping on the signal stone. Many minutes past—Bothwell gave one impatient look more—how slowly the dusky line proceeded! He

walked to the edge of the brook; there was no movement about the pavilion; tranquil as an infant's sleep was the whole encampment. Suddenly a cry made him start, it was from Wiatt; the man, heretofore so statue-like, had thrown his arms upward with a passionate gesture, and then, recalled by Bothwell's imprecation, shrunk back into his former quiet, pointing only with a trembling finger to the stone, now deep imbedded in the black shadow of the larch. The Scot gave a short shrill laugh, and crying "Follow!" began the ascent, taking advantage of such broken ground and shrubs, as blotted the brightness of the rays that lit up the acclivity. Bothwell strode on with the activity of a moss-trooper; Wiatt was scarce able to walk; he stumbled several times. At length they reached the pavilion; the Frenchman stood just within, lifting the heavy cloth; they entered. Frion whispered, "I have cleared the coast; my Lord sleeps; we need but cast a cloak around him, to blind him, and so bear him off without more ado on his forced journey."

“There is wisdom in your speech,” said Balmayne with something of a grin, “My friend Wiatt has a cloak large and dark enough for the nonce.”

Frion drew back the silken lining of the inner tent, saying, “Tread soft, my Lord ever sleeps lightly; he must not be waked too soon.”

“*Never* were the better word,” muttered Bothwell: the dimmest twilight reigned in the tent. The Prince’s couch was in shadow; the men drew near; the sleeper was wrapt in his silken coverlid, with his face buried in his pillow: his light-brown hair, lying in large clusters on his cheek, veiled him completely. Ramsay bent over him; his breathing was heavy and regular; he put out his large bony hand, and, as gently as he might, removed the quilt, uncovering the sleeper’s right side; then turning to Wiatt, who had not yet advanced, he pointed to the heaving heart of his victim with such a glance of murderous callousness, that the very assassin shrunk beneath it; yet he approached; his hand held an unsheathed dagger, but it shook even to impotence; he raised it over his prey,

but had no power to strike. Frion had crept round behind; a sound just then, and tramp of feet was heard in the outer tent; as by magic, in one brief second of time the mute dread scene changed its every characteristic. The assassin cried aloud, "It is not he!" Frion had seized his arm—the dagger fell—the pretended sleeper (one of York's pages) leaped from the couch; and the muffling cloak, dropping from the murderer's shoulders, disclosed the wretched, degraded Clifford. Ramsay drew his sword, and rushed towards the outer tent, when at the same moment Richard of York and Sir Patrick Hamilton showed themselves from beneath the hangings, which their attendants had raised. This sight startled Frion, and Clifford, restored to life and energy, tore himself from his grasp, and in a moment had rushed from beneath the pavilion: he was forgotten; all eyes were turned on Bothwell; the dagger at his feet, his drawn sword, his appearance in the retirement of the Prince of England, all accused him. He saw at once his danger, drew himself proudly up,

and returned Hamilton's look with a fierce, haughty glare.

"Thy act is worse than thy enemies' speech," said Sir Patrick, sternly; "thou wilt answer this, recreant, to thy royal master."

"To him, to any, to you," said Balmayne; "There is my glove. Now, on the hill's side, or in the lists anon, I will avouch my deed."

Hamilton answered with a look of sovereign contempt; he bade his men seize the traitor. "Before I sleep," he cried, "the King hears this treason."

Richard had looked on in silence and wonder; he placed his hand on Hamilton's arm, stopping him, "Pardon me, valiant knight," he said; "but, I do beseech you, disturb not the King to-night, nor ever, with this ill tale. Too roughly already has the English Prince broken Scotland's rest. No blood is shed; and, strange as appearances are, I take Sir John Ramsay's word, and believe that, as a cavalier, he may maintain his cause, nor stain by it his knightly cognizance. I take up your glove, fair Sir, but only to restore it; without one slightest accusa-

tion attaching itself to you therewith. Nay, myself will take up the quarrel, if any blame you. Sir Patrick will not call me to the trial, I am sure. Frion, conduct the gallant gentlemán beyond our lines."

Shame for the first time flushed Ramsay's brow as he left the tent. The Prince drew up to let him pass, with a mien so dignified and yet so tranquil, with a smile so bland, that thus it seemed an angelic essence, incapable of wound; might have gazed on a mere mortal, armed to injure him.

"Is this recklessness or nobility of soul?" Sir Patrick thought. He did not doubt, when Richard, changing his look to one of anxious appeal, besought him to omit utterly to report this strange scene. "I much fear," he said, "my wily Secretary to be most in fault; and I caught a glance of one, whose appearance here proves that Ramsay is not alone guilty. Let me enquire, let me learn—punish, if need be. English gold and English steel were the weapons here, and I alone have power over England. You will pledge me your word, Sir Patrick, not

to disquiet our royal cousin by our domestic brawls. We must not put in opposing scales our paltry anger against ruffians like these, and the disquiet of the generous-hearted James. Ramsay was his father's favourite; for his sake he bears with him; and more easily may I, I indeed, who am most in fault, for spending the precious minutes wandering, like a shepherd of Arcadia, in listless foolishness, instead of acting the general, and guarding my tents from such visitors. The brawl last night might have forewarned me."

"Does it not shame Scotland," cried Hamilton warmly, "that you should need any guard but our true hearts, while you tread our soil?"

"Were this true," answered York, yet more earnestly, "remember, what shames Scotland, shames her King. Be assured, dear cousin, I speak advisedly. Were this examined, worse might appear; and I and your liege must be the sufferers: I to excite this treason in his subjects' hearts; he to prove that some near him are not true as they seem."

Hamilton yielded to these many pleas; but

his heart warmed with admiration and love for the noble being who urged the cause of pardon for his enemies. "Be it as your Highness pleases," he exclaimed. "This I the more readily yield, since any new attempt kills Hamilton ere it reach you. I will be your guard, your sentinel, your wide, invulnerable shield; you will not refuse me this post of honour."

"Or let us both fulfil it," cried York, "one to the other; let us be brothers in arms, noble Hamilton. And yet, how can I, a fugitive, almost a tainted man, seek the alliance of one who stands as you do, fair and free in all men's eyes?"

As he spoke, the Prince held out his hand; the Scottish knight raised it respectfully to his lips. But now Frion returned; and the clash of arms and trumpets' sound spoke of the advance of night, and change of guard: the noble friends took leave of each other, and Sir Patrick departed. As soon as they were private, the Prince questioned his Secretary closely and sternly as to the events of the night. Frion had a plausible and ready tale, of artifice and guile,

of how he had a pledge even from the King's uncle that York's life was not to be attempted; and that he had but wished to balk and vex them, by causing the page to be carried off; the discovery of their mistake would shame them from any second enterprize against the Prince of England.

York was but half satisfied; he had caught a transient glimpse of the fugitive. Was it indeed Clifford, who came a hired murderer to his bedside? A man who had partaken his heart's counsels, long his companion, once his friend? It was frightful, it was humiliating but to imagine how deep the man may fall, who once gives himself over to evil thoughts, and unlawful deeds. Frion here protested his ignorance and surprise. It was almost day before his master dismissed him: and even then, how could Richard repose? That couch, Clifford had marked as his bier—it were a bed of thorns; he threw himself on the bare, hard ground, and innocence had more power than his angelic pity for the vice of others; it shed poppy influence on his lids; and the beams of the morning sun stole softly over, but did not disturb his slumbers.

CHAPTER. XVI.

Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
 What we will do, and all the Heaven at leisure
 For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords !

BEN JONSON.

FASTER than the airy slave quicksilver is influenced by the changes of the atmosphere, does the subtle essence of the mind of one, who from love or gratitude hangs upon the smile or frown of another, feel the sunshine or frost of that other's countenance; and an independent disposition speedily revolts from servile obedience to such alteration. On the following day, and afterwards on the succeeding ones, Richard felt that the heart of James was no longer the same.

He was courteous, kind—his friend's interests formed the sole topic of their conversations—but York could neither say the thing he wished, nor do that which he desired; the same objects were before him, apparently the same colouring was upon them; yet a pale sickly hue was cast over the before glowing picture; a chill had penetrated the summer warmth in which he basked; the wave was yet calm; but it was clouded, and no longer showed in its limpid depths that sympathy and affection, which made the White Rose's fortunes seem truly and intrinsically Scotland's own.

Friendship was now professed, service tendered; before words had seemed superfluous—the thing was there. James assured his guest that he would not turn back, nor give ear to Henry's propositions; and York felt, with a start, that ear had been given to them, or this conclusion had not been noted. The disunion and continued separation of the camps was another circumstance that spoke loudly of division of thought and counsel.

Frion believed that he should now resume

his ancient position with his royal master: he bore his reproofs humbly, and strove to regain his favour by the importance of his services. The arcana of the Tudor party were, to a great degree, revealed to York; and it was easy to mark the ascendancy it was gaining. The presence of Lady Jane Kennedy might explain the ceremony and regulations observed in the intercourse between the King and his friend; but it was Frion's part to disclose the enmity this lady entertained for the White Rose, and the influence she exerted to its detriment. Moray and Lord Buchan were her friends, and they were frequent visitors in the royal pavilion.

A short time somewhat changed this state of things. The army drew near the frontier; and the King separated himself from the fair mistress of his heart. On the third day they arrived on the banks of the Tweed. It was but crossing a little river, but stepping from one stone to another—and Richard would stand on English ground.

The troops had passed the day before; some had proceeded southward; others were even

now to be seen defiling in long lines on the distant plain. The sun was up cheerily; the fresh pleasant green of spring had stolen, more like a tinted atmosphere, than in the guise of foliage, over tree and bush; field flowers and crocusses peeped from under the mossy turf. The scene was a wide moor, varied by broken ground; clumps of trees, where many a bird nestled; and here and there thick underwood, where the wild deer made his lair; this had been the scene of a thousand conflicts and of mortal carnage between Scot and Englishman, but the sky-lark above sang of nature's bounty and nature's loveliness, an immemorial and perennial hymn, while nothing spoke of the butchery and wretchedness which once had made the landscape a tragic corpse-strewn stage.

Reining in his pawing courser, King James, in all the gay array of a high-born knight, paused on the Scottish bank—his lips, proud as the Apollo's—spoke of struggle and victory,

“ In his eye
And nostril, beautiful disdain and might
And majesty flashed their full lightnings by.”

Here was he who, in a later day, led the flower of Scotland to die on the English plains; who himself was doomed to lie with mangled limbs, and in blank, cold extinction, a trophy of victory to his enemy, on Flodden Field: he was alive now, and in his strength; he drank in with buoyant spirit every glorious anticipation, and laughed with fond delight; spurring on his horse, he crossed the ford, and entered England.

In a moment, as by impulse, York, who had lingered, dashed after him; allies they were; friends in seeming, nay, in truth; for the glance of proud enmity Richard cast on the Scot was perhaps the more factitious feeling: it sprung from patriotism, but its energy was borrowed from the deadly feuds of their ancestors, that natural hate which is said to exist now between the French and English, and which was far more envenomed between the near-rival people. Notwithstanding James's change towards him, York felt in the core of his affectionate heart, all that was due to him who had raised him when he was fallen; given him state, power

—Katherine; he saw in him his kinsman—his benefactor. But the pride of a son of England rose in his breast, when he beheld the haughty Scot caracol in arrogant triumph on her soil. What was he? What had he done? He was born king and father of this realm: because he was despoiled of his high rights, was he to abjure his natural duty to her, as her child? Yet here he was an invader; not arming one division of her sons against the other, but girt with foreigners, aided by the ancient ravagers of her smiling villages and plenteous harvests. He looked on each individual Scot, and on their gallant king, and felt his bosom swell with rage and hate. These were unwise, nay, ungrateful sentiments; but he could not repel them. His first commands were to his cousin, to hasten to Randal of Dacre, to learn what Yorkists had gathered together to receive him. “If there be any large company,” he said, “without more ado we will thank our kind cousin, invite him to recross the Tweed, and leave us to fight our battles by ourselves.”

The satisfaction and triumph James felt made

him, so far from participating in York's feelings, turn with renewed cordiality towards him. It was his first care to have the standard of the White Rose set up with martial pomp, to disperse his proclamations, and to invite, by his own manner, the Scottish nobles to encrease in observance towards the Prince. Lord Huntley, believing that the prophecy of his daughter's elevation was on the eve of its accomplishment, was prodigal of his shows of honour and service to his son-in-law. For some days the pavilions of the brother kings were pitched side by side, and James each hour thought to hear of the arrival of the Yorkist nobility of England: he had expected so many that he had given orders that care should be taken to recall his own troops, when the English visitants outnumbered his own guard. Day after day passed, and not one came—not one: even Randal of Dacre, Lord Dacre's brother, who had visited Richard in Scotland, seized with panic, had gone southward. Nothing came, save intelligence that the Cornish insurgents had been defeated on

Blackheath, their ringleaders taken and executed: among them Lord Audley perished.

Another life!—how many more to complete the sad hecatomb, a useless offering to obdurate fate in Richard's favour! Sir George Neville, gathered up in all the cold pride of disappointed ambition, disdained to regret. Plantagenet saw the hopes and purpose of his life crushed, but dared not give words to his despair; Sir Roderick sneered; Lord Barry was loud in his laments; while the Scots grew taller and prouder, and ceased to frequent the tents of the English exiles. Councils were held by James, in which York had no part: it was only afterwards, that he learnt it had been commanded to the Scotch army to lay waste the country. Now indeed all the Englishman was alive in his heart—he gave sudden orders to raise his camp, and to march forward: he had sat still too long; he would enter the kingdom he claimed; discover for himself his chance of success—and, if there were none, his rights should not be made the pretence of a Scotch invasion.

None cried, “Long live King Richard!” as

he passed along. How did his noble, youthful spirit droop at finding that not only he did not meet with, but was judged not to deserve success. It ranks among the most painful of our young feelings, to find that we are justly accused of acting wrong. Our motives—we believed them disinterested or justifiable; we have advanced a wondrous step in life before we can concede even to ourselves that alloy may be mingled with what we deemed pure gold: ignorant of the soil and culture of our own hearts, we feel sure that no base mixture can form a part of what we fancy to be a mine of virgin ore. Richard would have stood erect and challenged the world to accuse him—God and his right, was his defence. His right! Oh, narrow and selfish was that sentiment that could see, in any right appertaining to one man the excuse for the misery of thousands.

War, held in leash during the army's march from Edinburgh, was now let loose; swift and barbarous he tore forward on his way; a thousand destructions waited on him; his track was marked by ruin: the words of Lord Surrey

were fulfilled. What a sight for one, whose best hope in acquiring his kingdom, was to bestow the happiness of which the usurper deprived it. The English troops, about five hundred men, crossed the wide-spread plains in the immediate vicinity of Scotland ; they entered a beaten track, where the traces of cultivation spoke of man ; a village peeped from among the hedge-row trees—York's heart beat high. Would the simple inhabitants refuse to acknowledge him ? A few steps disclosed the truth—the village had been sacked by the Scotch : it was half burnt, and quite deserted ; one woman alone remained—she sat on a pile of ashes wailing aloud. The exiles dared not read in each other's eyes the expression of their horror ; they walked on like men rebuked. This was England, their country, their native home ; and they had brought the fierce Scot upon her. Passing forward, they met trains of waggons laden with spoil, droves of cattle and sheep. They overtook a troop roasting an ox by the burning rafters of a farmhouse, whose green palings, trim orchard, and shaved grass-plot, spoke of domestic comfort ;

the house-dog barked fearfully—a Lowland archer transfixed him with his arrow.

The English marched on; they dared not eye the ravagers; shame and hate contended—these were their allies; while the sarcasm and scornful laugh which followed them, drugged with worm-wood the bitter draught. In vain, west or east or south, did they turn their eyes, a sad variety of the same misery presented itself on every side. A stout yeoman, gashed by an Highlander's claymore, was sometimes the ghastly stepping-stone passed over to enter his own abode; women and children had not been spared, or were only left to perish for want. Often during apparent silence, a fearful shriek, or the voice of lamentation, burst upon the air: now it was a woman's cry, now the shrill plaint of infancy. With the exception of these sufferers, the landscape was a blank. Where were the troops of friends Richard had hoped would hail him? Where the ancient Yorkists? Gone to augment the army which Surrey was bringing against the Scot; attached to these ill-omened allies how could the Prince hope to be met by his partizans?

He had lost them all; the first North Briton who crossed the Tweed trampled on and destroyed for ever the fallen White Rose.

Resolutely bent on going forward till he should have advanced beyond the Scotch, on the following day York continued his march. They entered the ruins of another village; the desolation here was even more complete, although more recent; the flame was hardly spent upon the blackened rafters; the piles which the day before had been smiling dwellings, still smoked; a few domestic animals were skulking about. There was a church at the end of what had been a street; this was not spared. The English entered the desecrated aisle; an aged bleeding monk was lying at the altar's foot, who scowled even in death upon the soldiery; suddenly he recognised his countrymen; pleasure gleamed in his sunken eyes, "Ye will avenge us! Deliver the land!—The hand of God will lead ye on!"

Plantagenet rushed forward, "Father!" he cried, "do I find you here?"

The old man spoke, looked faintly; Edmund

bent over him : “ My father, it is I, Edmund, your boy, your murde——”

“ My son,” said the Monk, “ I behold you again, and die content ! You are in arms, but by the blessing of the saints your sword’s point is turned against the cruel invader. Not one, oh ! not one Englishman will fall by his brother’s hand ; for not one will fight for that base deceit, the ill-nurtured Perkin, to whom God in his wrath has given such show of right as brings the Scot upon us. Once I thought—but no son of York would ally himself to these cruel border-robbers. God of my country, oh curse, curse him and his cause !”

The dying man spoke with difficulty ; a few moments more, a spasm crossed his features, and they settled into stony insensibility. Edmund threw himself on the body ; a deathlike silence reigned in the building ; every heart beat with breathless horror ; the curse uttered by the murdered man was even then breathed before God, and accepted. York spoke first with a calm, firm voice, “ Arise, my cousin,” he said ;

“do not thou fix yet more deeply the barbed arrow, which has entered my heart.”

There are periods when remorse and horror conquer by their intensity every lesser impulse, and reign kings of the waste; this was no time for words or tears. Oh! welcome the grief or crime, which the bitterest of these could express or extenuate; it would insult this sad effigy of death to imagine that the impiety could be expiated. In silence they bore the reverend corpse to the vaults of the church, and then continued their way; some of the under-officers and men whispered together, but when again the chiefs conversed, they did not allude to this frightful scene, or to the awful imprecation which they felt suspended over their heads, shadowing their souls with unknown horror.

This was but the opening scene to worse wretchedness: hitherto they had seen the waste of war now they came upon its active atrocities. A dense smoke, the flickering of pale flames marked the progress of devastation; fierceness gleamed in the open blue eyes of Richard; he bit his lips, and at a quicker pace went forward; screams and

horrid shrieks, mixed with shouts—oh! may not a veil be drawn over such horrors—flying children, mothers who stayed to die, fathers who unarmed rushed upon the weapons of the foe, fire and sword, animated by man's fellest spirit, were there to destroy. Kindled to fury, York and his chief friends had outspeeded their troops: they came to save; they called on the fierce Scot to spare; and, when their words were unheeded, they drew their swords to beat back their allies. A fresh troop of Borderers, headed by Sir John Ramsay, at this moment poured into the village. The grey eye of the Scot was lighted up to the fiercest rage; but when he saw who and how few were they who had assailed his men, a demoniac expression, half exultation and joy, half deadly hate, animated him. Richard was driving before him a whole troop of camp-followers, cowardly and cruel fellows. Balmayne's hand was on his arm. "Your Highness forgets yourself," he said; "or is the fable ended, and you turned friend of Tudor?"

York's blood was up; his cheek, his brow

were flushed; the word "assassin" burst from his lips, as he wheeled round and assailed his midnight foe. Thus a natural war began; English and Scotchmen, bent on mutual destruction, spurred on by every feeling of revenge, abhorrence, and national rivalry, dealt cruel blows one on the other. Richard's troops began to arrive in greater numbers; they far out-told their adversaries. Lord Bothwell with his marauders were obliged to retreat, and York was left in possession of his strange conquest. The peasantry gathered round him; they did not recognise the White Rose, they but blest him as their deliverer: yet the sufferers were many, and the flames still raged. One woman with a wild shriek for her children, threw herself into the very heart of her burning cot; while, statue-like, amidst a little helpless brood, his wife at his feet a corse, his dwelling in ashes, a stout yeoman stood; tears unheeded flowing down his weather-beaten cheeks. During the whole day Richard had striven against his own emotions, trying to dispel by pride, and indignation, and enforced fortitude, the softness that

invaded his heart and rose to his eyes, blinding them ; but the sight of these miserable beings, victims of his right, grew into a tragedy too sad to endure. One young mother laid her infant offspring at his feet, crying, " Bless thee ; thou hast saved her ! " and then sunk in insensibility before him ; her stained dress and pallid cheeks speaking too plainly of wounds and death. Richard burst into tears, " Oh, my stony and hard-frozen heart ! " he cried, " which breakest not to see the loss and slaughter of so many of thy natural-born subjects and vassals ! "

He spoke—he looked : Plantagenet was there, grief and horror seated in his dark, expressive eyes ; Neville, who had lost his lofty pride ; it was shame and self-abhorrence that painted their cheeks with blushes or unusual pallor. " We must hasten, my Lord," said Barry, " after those evil-doers : they but quit one carcase, to pounce upon another."

" Do we fight the King of England's battles?" cried the Burgundian Lalayne, in unfeigned

astonishment: "this will be strange intelligence for James of Scotland."

"So strange, Sir Roderick," said Richard, "that we will be the bearers of it ourselves. Give orders for the retreat, gentlemen. His Majesty is engaged in the siege of Norham Castle. We will present us before him, and demand mercy for our unhappy subjects."

CHAPTER XVII.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me on the way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?

SHAKSPEARE.

It was York's characteristic to be sanguine beyond all men. Pain impressed him more deeply and sorely, than could be imagined by the cold of spirit; but show him the remedy, teach him the path to redress, and he threw off the clogging weight of care, and rose free and bright as in earliest youth. His impatience to behold his royal friend, to speak the little word, which he felt assured would recall the Scots from their ravages, and take from him the guilt

of his subjects' blood, grew like a torrent in the spring:—he outspeeded his main troop; he left all but his chieftest friends behind; one by one even these grew fewer; he mounted a fresh horse, it was the third that day—"May-Flower is worse than blown," said Neville; "will not your Highness repose till to-morrow?"

"Repose!"—this echo was his only answer, and already he was far and alone upon his way.

The Scottish lines were passed, and the embattled walls of Norham, grey and impenetrable as rock, were before him; the royal pavilion occupied the centre of the camp. The wearied steed that bore York dropt on one knee as he reined him up before it, flushed, with every mark of travel and haste—he threw himself from his saddle, and entered the tent: it was thronged; he saw not one face, save that of the Monarch himself, who was conversing with a churchman, whose dark, foreign countenance Richard had seen before; now it was like a vision before him. James, in an accent of surprise, cried, "My Lord, this is an unexpected visit."

“Excuse ceremony, my dear cousin,” said York; “I come not to speak to the Majesty of Scotland: man to man—a friend to his dearest friend—I have a suit to urge.”

James, who was aware that his actual occupation of listening and even acceding to the suggestions of his foreign visitant, in favour of peace with Henry, was treason to York’s cause, thought that news of Don Pedro D’Ayala’s arrival was the secret of these words: he blushed as he replied, “As friend to friend, we will hear anon—to-morrow.”

“There is no anon to my dear plea,” said York; “even now the hellish work is about which you must check. Oh, what am I, King of Scotland, that I am to be made the curse and scourge of my own people? The name of Richard is the bye-word of hate and terror, there, where I seek for blessings and filial love. You know not the mischief your fierce Borderers achieve—it is not yet too late; recall your men; bid them spare my people; let not the blood of my subjects plead against my right; rather would I pine in exile for ever, than occasion

the slaughter and misery of my countrymen, my children."

Richard spoke impetuously; his eyes filled with tears, his accents were fraught with passionate entreaty, and yet with a firm persuasion that he spoke not in vain: but his address had the very worst effect. James believed that, hearing that he was in treaty with his foe, he had come to re-urge his suit, to enforce the many promises given, to demand a continuation of the war. James, a Scotchman, bred in civil strife among fierce Highlanders and ruthless Borderers, saw something contemptible in this pity and supplication for cottagers and villains: the shame he had felt, or feared to feel, at the idea of being accused of treachery by his guest, was lightened; his lips were curled even to scorn, as in a cold tone he replied, "Sir, methinketh you take much pains, and very much strive to preserve the realm of another prince, which, I do believe, never will be yours."

A momentary surprise set open wide York's eyes; he glanced round him; the Earl of Huntley's brow was clouded; a smile curled

Lord Buchan's lips ; the emotion that had convulsed the Prince's features, gave place to the calmest dignity. " If not mine," he said, " let me yield the sway to the lady Peace : the name and presence of a Plantagenet shall no longer sanction the devastation of his country. I would rather be a cotter on your wild Highlands, than buy the sovereignty of my fair England by the blood of her inhabitants."

The warm, though capricious heart of James was quickly recalled by the look and voice of his once dearest friend, to a sense of the ungraciousness of his proceeding : he frankly stretched out his hand ; " I was wrong, cousin, forgive me, we will confer anon. Even now, orders have been issued to recal the troops ; a few words will explain every thing."

York bent his head in acquiescence. The King dismissed his nobles, and committed to the care of one among them the reverend D'Ayala. With a strong sentiment of self-defence, which was self-accusation—a half return of his ancient affection, which acted like remorse—James set himself to explain his pro-

ceedings. Fearful, unaided by any of the natives, of proceeding with an inadequate force further into the heart of the country, he had set down before the Castle of Norham, which was defended undauntedly by the Bishop of Durham. He had wasted much time here; and now the Cornish insurgents being quelled, the Earl of Surrey was marching northwards, at the head of forty thousand men. Surrey, Howard, might he not be a masked friend? "who," continued James, "has surely some personal enmity to your Highness; for the reverend Father D'Ayala, an ambassador from Spain, visited him on his journey northward, and it seems the noble indulged in spiteful language; saying, that he who could bring the fell Scot (I thank him) into England, wore manifest signs of—I will not say—I remember not his words; they are of no import. The sum is, my dear Lord, I cannot meet the English army in the open field; walled town—even those paltry towers—I cannot win: with what shame and haste I may, I must retreat over the border."

Many more words James in the heat of repentant affection said to soothe his English

friend. York's blood boiled in his veins; his mind was a chaos of scorn, mortification, and worse anger against himself. The insult inflicted by James before his assembled lords, the bitter speech of Surrey; he almost feared that he deserved the one, while he disdained to resent the other; and both held him silent. As speedily as he might, he took leave of the King: he saw signs in the encampment of the return of the foragers; they were laden with booty: his heart was sick; to ease his pent up burning spirit, when night brought solitude, though not repose, he wrote thus to the Lady Katherine: —

“ Wilt thou, dear lady of my heart, descend from thy lofty state, and accept an errant knight, instead of a sceptered king, for thy mate? Alas! sweet Kate, if thou wilt not, I may never see thee more: for not thus, oh not thus, my God, will Richard win a kingdom! Poor England bleeds: our over-zealous cousin has pierced her with dismal wounds; and thou wouldst in thy gentleness shed a thousand tears, hadst thou beheld the misery that even now, grim and

ghastly, floats before my sight. What am I, that I should be the parent of evil merely? Oh, my mother, my too kind friends, why did ye not conceal me from myself? Teaching me lessons of humbleness, rearing me as a peasant, consigning me to a cloister, my injuries would have died with me; and the good, the brave, the innocent, who have perished for me, or through me, had been spared!

“ I fondly thought that mine was no vulgar ambition. I desired the good of others; the raising up and prosperity of my country. I saw my father's realm sold to an huckster—his subjects the victims of low-souled avarice. What more apparent duty, than to redeem his crown from Jew-hearted Tudor, and to set the bright jewels, pure and sparkling as when they graced his brow, on the head of his only son? Even now I think the day will come when I shall repair the losses of this sad hour—is it the restless ambitious spirit of youth that whispers future good, or true forebodings of the final triumph of the right?

“ Now, O sweetest Kate, I forget disgrace,

I forget remorse; I bury every sorrow in thought of thee. Thy idea is as a windless haven to some way-worn vessel—its nest in a vast oak tree to a tempest-baffled bird—hope of Paradise to the Martyr who expires in pain. Wilt thou receive me with thine own dear smile? My divine love, I am not worthy of thee; yet thou art mine—Lackland Richard's single treasure. The stars play strange gambols with us—I am richer than Tudor, and but that *thy* husband must leave no questioned name, I would sign a bond with Fate—let him take England, give me Katherine. But a Prince may not palter with the holy seal God affixes to him—nor one espoused to thee be less than King; fear not, therefore, that I waver though I pause—Adieu!”

CHAPTER XIII.

Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,
 Even with our own, shall no way interrupt
 A general peace.

FORD.

PEDRO D'AYALA was ambassador from Ferdinand and Isabella to the King of England. There was something congenial in the craft and gravity of this man with the cautious policy of Henry. When the latter complained of the vexation occasioned him by the counterfeit Plantagenet and the favour he met with in Scotland, D'Ayala offered to use his influence and counsel to terminate these feuds. He found James out of humour with York's ill success among the English, weary of a siege, where

impregnable stone walls were his only enemies, uneasy at the advance of Surrey; pliable, therefore, to all his arguments. A week after d'Ayala's arrival, the Scots had recrossed the Tweed, the King and his nobles had returned to Edinburgh, and York to Katherine.

Richard's northern sun was set, and but for this fair star he had been left darkling. When the English general in his turn crossed the Tweed, and ravaged Scotland, *he* was looked on by its inhabitants as the cause of their disasters; and, but that some loving friends were still true to him, he had been deserted in the land which so lately was a temple of refuge to him. The Earl of Huntley exerted himself to prevent his falling into too deep disgrace in the eyes of Scotland, and was present at the consultations of the exiles to urge some new attempt in some other part of King Henry's dominions. York was anxious to wash out the memory of his overthrow; so that this check, which seemed so final to his hopes, but operated as an incentive to further exertions. Yet whither should he go? the whole earth was closed upon him. The ter-

ritory of Burgundy, which had so long been his home, was forbidden. France—Concressault, who was his attached friend, dissuaded him from encountering a mortifying repulse there. Even his own Spain would refuse to receive him, now that d'Ayala had shown himself his enemy; but, no, he was not so far reduced to beg a refuge at the limits of civilization; still he had his sword, his cause, his friends.

A stranger came, an unexpected visitant from over the sea to decide his vacillating councils. The man was aged and silver-haired, smooth in his manners, soft-voiced, yet with quick grey eyes and compressed lips, indications of talent and resolution and subtlety. Frion saw him first, and deceived by his almost fawning manners into an idea of his insignificance, asked his purpose and name. The stranger with the utmost gentleness refused to disclose his object to any but the Prince; and Frion, with great show of insolence, refused to introduce him to his presence. "Then without thy leave, Sir Knave," said the old man calmly, "I must force my way."

Astley, the poor scrivener of Canterbury, was present. This honest, simple-hearted fellow had shown so much worth, so much zeal, so much humbleness with such fidelity, that he had become a favourite in York's court, and principally with the Lady Katherine. Frion hated him, for he was his opposite, but pretended to despise him, and to use him as an underling. Astley meekly submitted, and at last gained a kind of favour in the Frenchman's eyes by the deference and respect of his manner. The stranger, with the readiness of one accustomed to select agents for his will, addressed him, bidding him announce to his Highness a gentleman from Ireland. "And be assured," he said, "the Duke will ill-requite any tardiness on thy part."

An angry burst from Frion interrupted him. This man, rarely off his guard, but roused now by recent mortifications, forgot himself in the violence he displayed, which strangely contrasted with the soft tranquillity of the stranger, and Astley's modest, but very determined annunciation of his resolve to convey the message to the

Prince. Frion, from loud words, was about to proceed to acts, when Lord Barry entered—Barry, who felt Scotland as a limbo of despair, who was for ever urging Richard to visit Ireland, to whom the court life of the English was something like a trim-fenced park to a new-caught lion. Barry saw the stranger—his eyes lighted up, nay, danced with sudden joy: with no gentle hand he thrust Frion away, and then bent his knee, asking a blessing of the Prior of Kilmainham; and in the same breath eagerly demanded what had brought the venerable man from Buttevant across the dangerous seas.

Keating's presence gave new life to York's councils: he brought an invitation from Maurice of Desmond to the Duke. The Earl had since Richard's departure been occupied in training troops, and so fortifying himself as to enable him to rise against Poynings, whose regular government, and above all whose predilection for the Butlers, caused him to be detested by the Geraldines. Hurried on by hatred and revenge, Desmond resolved to do that which would be most dreaded and abhorred of Henry

—to assume the badge of the White Rose, and to set up the pretensions of young Richard. The tidings were that York was a loved and honoured guest in Edinburgh; and the impetuous Desmond feared that he would hardly be induced to abandon King James's powerful alliance, for the friendship of a wild Irish chieftain. The very invitation must be committed to no mean or witless hands: the difficulties appeared so great, that the measure was on the point of being abandoned, when the Prior of Kilmainham, who in the extreme of age awoke to fresh life at a prospect of regaining his lost consequence, offered himself to undertake the arduous task. His views went far beyond the Earl's: he hoped to make the King of Scotland an active party in his plots, and to contrive a simultaneous invasion of England from the north and from the west. Already his turbulent and grasping spirit saw Irish and Scotch meeting midway in England, and with conjoined forces dethroning Tudor, and dictating terms to his successor. He came too late: he came to find a peace nearly concluded between James and

Henry; the White Rose fallen into disregard; and his arrival looked upon as the best hope, the last refuge of his fallen party.

Richard on the instant accepted his invitation. To a generous heart the feeling of enforced kindness succeeding to spontaneous affection, is intolerable. The very generosity of his own disposition made him recoil from exacting a reluctant boon from his sometime friend. To live a pensioner among the turbulent, arrogant Scots, was not to be thought of. The Earl of Huntley, in fond expectation of his daughter's greatness, would have despised him had he remained inactive. Even Katherine was solicitous to leave Scotland—she knew her countrymen; and, ready as she was to give up every exalted aim, and to make her husband's happiness in the retired quiet of private life, she knew that insult and feud would attend his further tarrying among the Scotch.

York had been for nearly a year the guest of King James; twelve months, in all their long-drawn train of weeks and days, had paced over

the wide earth, marking it with change: each one had left its trace in the soul of Richard. There is something frightful, to a spirit partly tired of the world, to find that their life is to be acquainted with no durable prosperity; that happiness is but a modification of a train of events, which, like the fleeting birth of flowers, varies the year with different hues. But York was still too young to be weary even of disappointment; he met the winter of his fortunes with cheerful fortitude, so that a kind of shame visited James, inspired by the respect his injured friend so well merited.

The capricious, but really noble heart of the Scottish King was at this time put to a hard trial. One of the preliminaries of peace, most insisted upon by Henry, was, that his rival should be given up to him:—this was, at the word, refused. But even to dismiss him from his kingdom, seemed so dastardly an act towards one allied to him by his own choice, that the swelling heart of the cavalier could not yet tame itself to the statesman's necessity. Some of his subjects, meanwhile, were ready enough to cut

the Gordian knot by which he was entangled. Tudor had many emissaries in Edinburgh; and Lord Moray, Lord Buchan, and the dark Bothwell, whose enmity had become fierce personal hate, were still egged on by various letters and messages from England to some deed of sanguinary violence.

Sir John Ramsay was sought out by Frion. That goodly diplomatist must have entertained a high opinion of his mollifying eloquence, when he dared encounter the hot temper of him he had dishonoured in the eyes of the English Prince, and of his own countryman Hamilton. But Frion knew that in offering revenge he bought pardon: he was of little mark in Ramsay's eyes, while the man he had injured, and whom he consequently detested beyond every other, survived to tell the grating tale of the defeated villany of the assassin, and the godlike magnanimity of him who pardoned.

Frion's own feelings, which had vacillated, were now fixed to betray the Prince. He had wavered, because he had a kind of personal affection for the noble adventurer. Somehow

he managed to fancy him a creature of his own : he had worked so long, and at one time so well for him, that he had fostered the vain belief that his dearest hopes, and best pretensions, would vanish like morning mist, if he blew unkindly on them. It was not so : James had been his friend ; Huntley had given him his daughter without his interference ; and the Irish project, with Keating at its head, who treated Frion with galling contempt, filled up the measure of his discontents. If anything else had been needed, the Lady Katherine's favour to Astley, and some offices of trust in which York, himself had used him, sufficed to add the last sting to malice. " If they will not let me make, they shall rue the day when I shall mar ; learn shall they, that Frion can clip an eagle's wings even in its pride of flight."

It is common to say that there is honour among thieves and villains. It is not honour ; but an acknowledged loss of shame and conscience, and a mutual trust in the instinctive hatred the bad must bear the good, which strongly unites them. In spite of the French-

man's former treachery, Balmayne felt that he could now confide, that his guilt would stretch far enough to encircle in its embrace the very act he desired; and he again trusted, and used him as the chief agent of his plots.

The Earl of Surrey was ravaging Scotland; and King James, with the chivalrous spirit of the times, challenged him to single combat. The Earl, in answer, refused to place his master's interests at the hazard of his single prowess, though ready for any other cause to accept the honour tendered him. The herald that brought this reply, Frion reported to Richard to be charged with a letter to him. Its purpose was to declare, that though, while aided and comforted by the enemies of England, the Earl warred against him, yet the Howard remembered the ancient attachments of his house; and that, if the White Rose, wholly renouncing the Scotch, would trust to the honour of the representative of a race of nobles, the army now in the field to his detriment should be turned to an engine of advantage. "Time pressed," the letter concluded by saying—"and if the Duke of

York were willing to give his sails to the favouring wind, let him repair with a small company to Greenock, where he would find zealous and powerful friends."

At first this intimation filled the Prince with exultation and delight. The time was at last come when he should lead the native nobility of England to the field, and meet his enemy in worthy guise. There was but one check; he could not join Surrey, while Surrey was in arms against his once generous friend; so that, by a strange shifting of events, he now became anxious for peace between Scotland and England; eager that the seal should be set that destroyed the alliance and amity which had so lately been the sole hope of his life. Neville and Plantagenet entered into his views; and, while seemingly at the bottom of Fortune's scale, a new spirit of gladness animated this little knot of Englishmen.

For one thing young Richard was not prepared: the preliminaries of peace he knew were arranged, and he was aware that its conclusion would take the sword out of James's

hand. They had rarely met lately ; and this, while it lessened the familiarity, rather added to the apparent kindness of their interviews. There was in both these young Princes a genuine warmth of heart, and brightness of spirit, that drew them close whenever they did meet. James honoured the integrity and the unconquered soul of the outcast monarch, while his own genius, his vivacity, and polished courtesy, in spite of his caprice and late falling off, spread a charm around that forced admiration and affection even from him he injured. It was at this period, that, notwithstanding their real disunion, Richard felt it as strange to find his royal host confused in manner, and backward of speech. They had been at a hunting party, where Lord Moray's haughty glance of triumph, and the sneer that curled the Earl of Buchan's lip, would have disclosed some victory gained by them, had York deigned to regard their aspects. At length, after much hesitation, while riding apart from his peers, James asked—"If there were any news from the Lady Margaret of Burgundy?"

“Sir Roderick Lalayne returned to her a month ago,” replied York, “and with him went my dear and zealous Lady Brampton, to urge fresh succour for one, to whom fortune has so long shown a wintry face, that methinks spring must at last be nigh at hand, herald of bright, blossoming summer.”

“What promises then my lady Duchess?” said the King, eagerly.

“Alas! her promises are as blank as her power,” replied Richard. “Even when the old Dukes of Burgundy were as Emperors in Christendom, they were but as provosts and city-magistrates in the free towns of Flanders; and these towns resolve on peace with England.”

“It is the cry of the world,” said James with a sigh; “this Tudor is a mighty man. Why, even I, a Scot, a warrior, and a king, am forced to join the universal voice, and exclaim, ‘Peace with England,’ even though my honour is the sacrifice.”

“Your Majesty imparts no strange truth to me,” said York. “I have long known that this must be; but surely you speak in soreness of

spirit, when you speak of the sacrifice of honour. I thought the terms agreed on were favourable to Scotland."

"King Henry demanded, in the first place, the delivery of your Highness into his hands." James blushed deeply as he said these words.

"Or he will come seize me," rejoined the Duke, with a laugh. "In good hour I will deliver myself, if he will walk through the bristling lances, and set at naught the wide-mouthed cannon that will bellow in his path."

"Have you then new hopes?" cried the King; "Oh! say but so; and half my shame, and all my sorrow vanishes. Say that you have hope of speedy good in some other country; for I have sworn, ere April wear into May, Scotland shall be made poor by your Highness's absence."

A long pause followed these words. James felt as if he had given words to his own concealed dishonour, and struck his iron-girdled side with the bitter thought. "O! spirit of my father, this may not atone; but I must pay also in shame and torturous self-contempt for my heavy guilt." A sudden blow, a precipitous fall when

unaware his feet had reached the crumbling brink of a beetling precipice, would not have made such commotion in Richard's heart, as the forced and frightful conviction that the friend he had trusted heaped this insult on him. For the first time in his life perhaps, pride conquered every other feeling; for reproach had been more *friendly*, than the spirit that impelled him, with a placid voice, and a glance of haughty condescension, to reply:—"Now that your Majesty dismisses me, I find it fittest season to thank you heartily for your many favours. That you deny me to the suit of your new ally, and send me forth scaithless from your kingdom, is the very least of these. Shall I forget that, when, a wanderer and a stranger, I came hither, you were a brother to me? That when an outcast from the world, Scotland became a home of smiles, and its King my dearest friend? These are lesser favours; for your love was of more value to me than your power, though you used it for my benefit; and, when you gave me the Lady Katherine, I incurred such a debt of gratitude, that it were uncanceled, though you cast me, bound hand

and foot, at Tudor's footstool. That I am bankrupt even in thanks, is my worst misery; yet, if the eye of favour, which I believe Fortune is now opening on me, brighten into noon-day splendour, let James of Scotland ask, and, when England shall be added to his now barren name, Richard will give, though it were himself."

"Gentle cousin," replied the King, "you gloss with horrid words a bitter pill to both; for though the skaithe seem yours, mine is the punishment. I lose what I can ill spare, a kinsman, and a friend."

"Never!" cried York; "Scotland bids a realmless monarch, a beggar prince, depart: the King of Scotland, moved by strong state-necessity is no longer the ally of the disinherited orphan of Edward the Fourth: but James is Richard's friend; he will rejoice, when he sees him, borne with the flowing tide, rise from lowness to the highest top at which he aims. And now, dear my Lord, grant me one other boon. I am about to depart, even of my own will; dismiss then every rankling feeling;

lay no more to your generous, wounded heart a need, which is even more mine than yours ; but let smiles and love attend your kinsman to the end, unalloyed by a deeper regret, than that fate wills it, and we must separate."

END OF VOL. II.





Shelley, M.

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